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NOV. 1969

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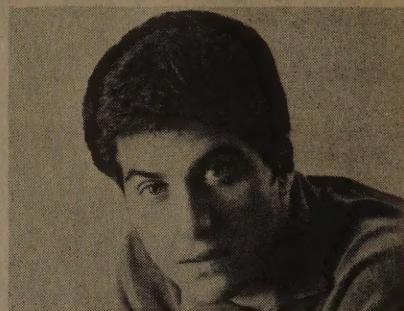
PHOTO CREDITS: CBS, 10, 11; Contemporary PR, 14; G. Nichols, 53.

HIT PARADER is published monthly by Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby, Connecticut, 06418. Entered as Second Class Matter April 24, 1943 at the Post Office at Derby, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, Conn. Copyright 1969 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. Annual subscription \$3.50 24 issues \$6.50. Subscription Manager: Anna Mae DeLuca. Vol XXVIII, No. 64, Nov., 1969. Authorized for sale in the U.S., its possessions territories and Canada only. Members of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, cartoons and songs. All contributions should be addressed to Editorial Office, Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn. 06418 and accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: NATIONAL SALES MANAGER- Robert M. Petit, 529 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212-TN7-2266); NASHVILLE- The Chuck Chellman Co., 415 4th Ave., South, Nashville, Tenn. 37201, (615-244-1867).

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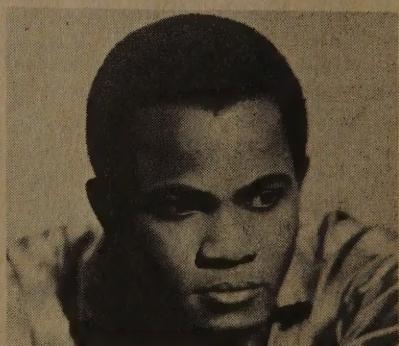
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• I'D WAIT A MILLION YEARS



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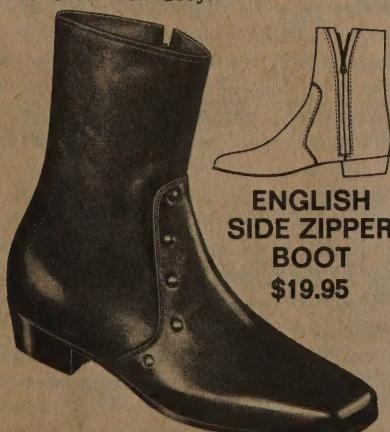
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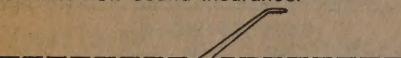
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"seeing them guys smash their axes and blow their tubes."

Granted, we are basically a violent society, as countless books, television shows, magazine articles, etc. constantly point out to us. Yet, I question the assertion that this is entirely "evil" as such. I wonder if a totally passive society would not suggest a sterile, stagnant sort of existence, void of any semblance of progress. Granted again, a totally violent society is certainly the worse of the two evils, bordering on something of a complete, destructive anarchy. Yet, as I see it now, this violence on stage of groups like Hendrix and the Who serves as something of an "out" or escape, the universal refuge we all seek in one form or another. Held intact, their destructive stage acts serve to complement their music, and not eliminate or subjugate it. Certainly, the majority of groups today could never effectively handle this type of stage presence, nor would it be beneficial to them. But in the cases of Jimi Hendrix and the Who, I cannot condemn the violence nor throw it off as a lack of pride or a "showy" effect, but only see it as an effective and highly entertaining sidelight to some very good music. □Bob Guza



In your August 1969 Hit Parader, from the Scene column, there was an article by Mark Hammer entitled "Let's Stop Pop Violence" that interested me very much. I agreed with many points that both Mr. Hammer and Miss Coopersmith made, however, I think they carried their argument a little too far. To me this destruction of equipment on stage is theoretically merely a device for attracting people to listen to the group's music. In this sense it is indeed the audience who is warped. By this, I mean not those who enjoy the music primarily and the violence only as an added entertainment, but those people whose only care is

When you think of what music has gone through in the thousands of years, from tribal rhythm bands, to renaissance music, travelling minstrels, to folk music, to classic, to blues to jazz, and finally to pop where all it means is seeing a guy smashing something, it makes you want to cry. Some musicians are finally realizing it. Hendrix has apparently toned down his act for want of musical recognition and lyrical rather than sexual prowess. He even got annoyed at fans who called for violence. Townshend has tried to cut out the violence and has taken a step into the stage of intellectual rock with his forthcoming rock opera, but unfortunately, the Who never made very many million-sellers and so have to rely on shows for bread and thus must satisfy the audiences. This does not mean that violence is defunct. I heard why Jim Morrison got busted. I also read a review of the Nice in a Toronto newspaper that said they had a nice Baroque ring to all their songs and then proceeded to tell how Emerson destroyed his organ with glee. Some kids wrote me of the local groups that "abuse their equipment." What I am saying and have said is not so much a put-down of neanderthal ignorants and flower-punks as much as a plea to trend-setters in music and all kids (for we are all until we die) to watch what they do and try and stay away from violence or else the violence and sex will consume rock, music and us. □Mark Hammer

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Dear Editor:

Your "Special Guitar Issue" (July 1969) is absolutely fantastic. I am an admirer of the Jimi Hendrix Experience, Steppenwolf, Jeff Beck and Cream. I really enjoyed all the articles and interviews, and I found the article in *Tempo* about Lightnin' Slim quite interesting.

Richard Desjardin's letter made a good point on how musical lyrics are beginning to show life as it is. This is good, because kids listen to musicians and there's a few kids who need to do some thinking. Music is a wonderful source of communication. Once the people wake up to the fact (or face the fact) that problems do exist, maybe something can be done about improving things - the first step though, is realization.

Dallas has an underground station (KNUS-FM) and this station introduced Nazz; Spirit; Blood, Sweat and Tears; Led Zeppelin, and many other groups to Dallas - now, these groups are getting air play on top 40 stations - however, I think it's a shame that the top 40 stations don't play any of "Electric Ladyland" LP by the Jimi Hendrix Experience - this album is a work of art. I remember the days when the concerts in Dallas consisted of Herman's Hermits, etc. Now the big shows are Spirit, Hendrix, Jeff Beck and Steppenwolf and wow, things are really great now - the kids here have really tuned in and know great music when they hear it.

I really enjoy your magazine and look forward to your next issue. Keep up the good work.

Karen McCook
Dallas, Texas

Dear Editor:

I'd be grateful if you could publish this letter in your magazine. . . .

I'm an English boy, age 21, and I'm planning to visit the U.S.A. this summer. I'd like to write to an American girl, and I was hoping that some of your readers might like to write to me, and tell me about the U.S.A. I'm a college student, and my interests include travel, writing, politics, swimming and

music (especially Big Brother Grateful Dead, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Mothers, John Mayall and Motown).

I'd be happy to answer any questions about England.

Jimmy F. Bracken
7 Cross Green,
Upton Chester, England

Dear Editor:

After reading your August issue I couldn't agree more with Robert Archer about Bloomfield. But still Bloomfield never stops surprising me. I think it would be much safer to say that Bloomfield is perhaps one of the best white blues guitarists in the world. However, I think he could play much more than just blues and shows his talent on the early Butterfield albums, very much so on "East - West." One of the things that gets me mad though is when these guitarists start calling themselves lead guitarist. I have yet to hear Hendrix or Clapton play true lead. Instead they play sort of rhythm during the singing and then go off on a wild show-off solo or fill. It would be much harder to play the singers part like Steppenwolf and even the Stones. Don't get me wrong now. They are very good at what they do. Hendrix proves that with "Voodoo Chile" and Clapton in "Spoonful," "I'm So Glad," etc. As for the Beatles, they stink. "Day Tripper" and "Get Back" are good but they do too much junk on *Magical Mystery Tour* and their double. Keep up the good work and keep us informed of Clapton, Winwood and Baker. And how about covering more groups, I have yet to see an Iron Butterfly story in your book. And they're getting pretty big lately.

Chris Williams
1054 Loring
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I read the *Scene* in this month's *Hit Parader* and I would like to express a different view from the

one I read. I don't believe violence in rock should be put down just because there's already too much violence in the world. There is. No one can deny that. But violence in rock is violence for entertainment's sake. Not for the sake of killing. It must be agreed upon that it is tremendously fulfilling to watch the Who destroy equipment. It is an outlet for our own personal anger, and the Who are simply satisfying this need to get it out of our system. After watching a Move concert, one cannot help but feel more relaxed and satisfied. If you're not familiar with the Move, they are people who bring TV's, radios and cars up on the stage and destroy them.

What point is it to abolish violence in rock? You go home and turn on the news and watch more young Americans die in an idiotic war anyway. Rock began brash, pumping with energy, a new-born cult exploring its limitations to the hilt. Let's not turn rock into art form. Let's keep it alive and loud and glamorous and insane. Like it began.

Scott Jones
811 Devon
Park Ridge, Ill.

Now, first appeared.) On a *Maid of Constant Sorrow*, her first, she appeared as a new face on the folk scene. Later, she came out with *Golden Apples In The Sun*, succeeded by her #3 album and, later, her *Concert* album (*Judy Collins In Concert*), one of the best folk albums to be found. After her concert album came her *Fifth* (so named) and then *Wildflowers*. After *Wildflowers* came *In My Life*, again outdoing herself, and, last but not least, her latest album, *Who Knows Where The Time Goes*. On her last album appear *Someday* soon and *My Father*, a product of Miss Collins' own pen.

Judy Collins studied to be a concert pianist in her early years and showed her remarkable ability on a recent Smothers Brothers Show. I, myself was awed and I still wonder how one person can have all the talent and musical ability that Judy Collins has.

I enjoy reading *Hit Parader* and I find it a pleasant relief from the Pimple Rock World. I hope to see some articles about Judy Collins in future issues.

Jean Guttler
27 Scheid Dr.
Parlin, N.J.

Dear Editor:

It is about time someone has had the nerve to appraise the Monkees in an objective light, and do so without coloring their talents one way or the other.

I am a British folksinger, recently moved into this country, but I am very much aware of the music scene here, and have seen this group repeatedly subjected to scathing attacks, mostly unjustified, usually unmerciful, and strangely enough, always by people who haven't yet earned the right to criticize in this manner.

It is this attitude that could easily kill rock. People seriously interested in music listen to and buy what they like. They ignore what they dislike. They do not criticize. This is even more true of people directly involved with the making of music. I know a great number of musicians and songwriters in high and low places, and I've yet to hear a

a single one complain or disparage the Monkees. I have an extensive record collection, and among the Stones, Beatles, Mamas and Papas, Judy Collins and a great number of well-known lesser-known, and downright obscure artists, you will find five Monkee albums.

This is not to say that anyone who has read this should pop out and buy a Monkee album, although those who haven't heard their recent material might give it a go. I only mean to say that I am just as interested in the finished product as I am in its roots. And now that everyone else is using backup musicians, it seems ages since that was a valid point of debate. Let's learn to tolerate the tolerable. If this is to be a "liberal age," let's be open-minded enough to give substance to the words. What do we have to lose?

Joe Holderness
Miami, Florida

Dear Editor:

In your July, 1969 issue you carried a review of the album "Blood, Sweat and Tears" which dismissed it as "too cool" and "far removed from what's going on in rock." Your reviewer apparently chose to judge "Blood, Sweat and Tears" by his own criteria of "what's going on in rock" and thereby failed to recognize the album for what it is - an interesting and pleasing musical experience different from any we have heard so far.

True, "Blood, Sweat and Tears" is far removed from the type of rock produced by Steppenwolf, Jimi Hendrix, Canned Heat and the other groups you often spotlight, but is that reason to dismiss it?

As your reviewer admitted, "Blood, Sweat and Tears is a tight, efficient, and extremely skilled group of musicians. Yet the tone of the review almost makes these appear to be faults. Are sloppiness, lack of purpose, and non-talent to be regarded as desirable traits in a group? Of course not; yet your reviewer seems to attack Blood, Sweat and Tears for being the excellent musicians that they are. He seems to think that feeling has been sacrificed for technical excellence. Yet many of the album cuts contain jazz solos which are models of individual musical expression yet never destroy the basic unity of the band. As for vocals, listening once to "More and More" and "Blues Part II" is enough to establish Davis Clayton-Thomas as one of the most soulful white blues singers around.

Blood, Sweat and Tears is an excellent band, whose search for the neglected and often ignored jazz roots of rock and use of brass as a basic component of rock music makes "Blood, Sweat and Tears" an excellent album. Simply because they chose to project their music in

a style different from that of other groups is no reason to discount their tremendous talent and power. Judged by its own standards, "Blood, Sweat and Tears" is a magnificent work, and should be recognized as such.

Gary Howell
727 Rienow I
Iowa City, Iowa

Dear Editor:

My name is Andrea Cappaert and I'm in high school in Ann Arbor, Michigan. I thought you might be interested in this.

CKLW is an AM radio station which broadcasts jointly from Windsor, Canada and Detroit, Michigan. It's a typical, large, top forty station, with the emphasis on Motown. Recently CKLW seems to have gone more to Monkee type music as most AM stations have, playing whatever happens to be the top few songs over and over with as many commercials and contests as possible crammed in between.

During the weekend of February 28 to March 2 there was a break in this monotony which showed AM stations could still present interesting programs. During these three days CKLW presented a forty-eight hour program called "The History of Rock and Roll." It began at noon Friday, and except for a four hour break on Sunday morning, was broadcast straight through to four o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

The program started off with a five hour focus on rhythm and blues and its influence on rock. Interviews with people like Little Richard, Ray Charles and Berry Gordy, Jr., owner of Motown, were played between songs.

Next came a three hour section on Country and Western influences. An hour of this was used for Elvis Presley's career and the rest included parts about Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins and other country and western singers.

The next part was on folk music. They started with music from the thirties and came up to the present. An hour of this section was spent on Bob Dylan. There were also interviews with the Byrds, etc.

Last Saturday night a section on words and music was played. Jim Webb was one subject. The "History of Rock and Roll" came back on the air Sunday morning with San Francisco music. Here they played the Doors, Grateful Dead, etc. The program ended Sunday afternoon with a four hour special on groups. The emphasis was on the Beatles and the Rolling Stones.

"The History of Rock and Roll" did a good job of showing all the different influences on rock and of telling about the people involved. It took an awful lot of people to put the program together, but I think it was worth it.

Andy Cappaert
2335 South Circle
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I hope this is not too short for a cover story... I find that lately my stories about people I like the most have been running shorter than some of the others; that's partly because so much has been written and so much said about Dylan that it is almost unnecessary to go into history... and besides, it almost seems like each album he makes cancels out the previous one; certainly he has transcended himself this time, and shows us the hint of a mature Bob Dylan; I think Dylan is the surest thing in pop music today to bet on for a long, long future of popular and artistic success; I would even say his chances are better than that of the Beatles for continued productiveness, though God knows one hopes all of them will go on forever...

Bob Dylan's "I Threw It All Away" from *Nashville Skyline* reminds me of an old Elvis Presley blues called, "I Was The One".... "Peggy Day" sounds like Django Reinhardt 1930's swing, done up country style.... "One More Night" has dues to Buck Owens.... "Country Pie" sounds like a jug-band influenced song; Jim Kwoeskin's "If You're A Viper" comes to mind, though the subject matter is certainly different, and there is also a hint of Ray Stevens' "Freddy Feelgood" here; the Nashville grown Stevens is an underappreciated artist who has always seemed to me to have a lot in common with Dylan.... "Lay Lady Lay" is lyrically pure Dylan, one of the few songs in the album that sets up anything approaching a philosophical argument, but not a very profound one; just "Understand Your Man" as Johnny Cash would say.... Dylan says, "His clothes are dirty but his hands are clean/and you're the best thing that he's ever seen.... stay with your man awhile...." In the melody and structure of "Lady Lay" I can see a definite influence from John Lennon's "Sexy Sadie," though, again, the subject matter is quite different.... There are no imitations or steals in this album, just some very heavy influencing; some rootsy-ness.

BOB DYLAN

Loves Country Pie



Bob Dylan's voice, yes. Emphatically a change for the better; many people will be puzzled by the change. . . What happened? It could be hormones, but I think it is mostly that Dylan is now singing mainly through his throat and diaphragm instead of his nose — almost as though he had been taking a few singing lessons from his guest star buddy, Johnny Cash, whose throaty bass is one of the most distinctive voices in country music. Never has Dylan been so clearly understandable: Never has what he has to say been less philosophically complex — We have come to expect the music of Bob Dylan to be loaded with double meanings, mysteries, political allusions, innuendoes and parables of life. I think it is pretty safe to say that the only approach to parody in *Nashville Skyline* is the almost farcical Dylan - Cash duet on

"Girl From the North Country" — It is impossible to hear it and fail to think of Simon and Garfunkel, and the seventeen zillion other banal versions of the folk song "Scarborough Fair" that followed the exposure of theirs in the soundtrack of the film "The Graduate." It's possible Dylan and Cash started out to sing the song intending to be straight; but by the end, it is clear that they are having a good time making fun of musical banality.

But most of this album is straight. . . what it sounds like is an expansion of Dylan's tender country shoot, "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" from *John Wesley Harding*. An excellent song — Bob Johnston, Dylan's producer, liked it a lot, apparently, because he also had old country-folk hand Burl Ives do a single on it. Perhaps it was Johnston who set the tone for this Nashville session. Cer-

tainly it is a striking contrast to any album Dylan has ever done. . . For one thing, just as a casual observation, I think it is his first album where there is no song running even as long as four and a half minutes. Dylan with no tales to tell? But he *does* have a story; this is Bob Dylan's first all - love album — No grapefruit slashing tonight, baby, just lay across my big brass bed. Everything here is mellow, good-humored, and without bitterness. . . all the stoning is forgotten and forgiven. . . Even the sad songs are more sweet than bitter. This is Dylan like you have never seen him before, folks, a gentlemanly Dylan who tips his hat with a charming smile, a dimpled Dylan, a humble Dylan, a kissable Dylan. . . "Give to me my country pie/I won't throw it up in anybody's face. . ." sings Bob; and he doesn't. . . Goodbye, Poor Immigrant.



Bob Dylan is through messing around with you; he has noticed that you are having plenty enough troubles lately, fighting new battles in the Brave New World you have adopted; he isn't going to make your stay any harder — Bob has decided to play Good Humor Man for this particular outing. "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You;" the first day I bought this album, it stayed with me all night; I played it 15 successive times in one night — at first, out of a sense of duty, because I knew I was going to have to write about it. . . . then, just because it made me feel so damn good and because I love Bob Dylan's beautiful voice.

Nashville Skyline proves that Dylan is very responsive to honest criticism; for many years, even some of his biggest fans have been struggling with his cryptic, murky Moby Dick of an intellect. . . . Sure, I hope to hear more songs, like "Wheels Of Fire," "I Shall Be Released," "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine" and "Dear Landlord" . . . and I believe that Dylan can easily return to that type of exercise. . . . but here he has accomplished a most difficult task for a person with complex intellectual wellsprings and subtle motivations; he has stripped down as much as possible to the basic, simple emotion of love; answered the clamors to show us the essential, the 'real' Bob Dylan. I have admired Dylan for many qualities in the past. . . . as Cash's liner-tribute says: ". . . here is a hell of a poet/and lots of other things. . . ." But this is the first time I have had occasion to admire him for sheer guts. □brigitte

● I THREW IT ALL AWAY

(As recorded by Bob Dylan/Columbia)
BOB DYLAN

I once held her in my arms
She said she would always stay
But I was cruel I treated her like a fool
I threw it all away.

Once I had mountains in the palm
of my hand
Rivers that ran through everyday
I must have been mad
I never knew what I had
Until I threw it all away.

Love is all there is
It makes the world go round
Love and only love
It can't be denied
No matter what you think about it
You just won't be able to do without it
Take a tip from one who's tried.

So if you find someone that gives you all
of her love
Take it to your heart don't let it stray
For there's one thing for certain you will
surely be a-hurtin'

If you throw it all away
If you throw it all away.

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● TO BE ALONE WITH YOU

(As recorded by Bob Dylan/Columbia)

BOB DYLAN

To be alone with you
Just you and me
Now won't you tell me true
Ain't that the way it oughta be
To hold each other tight
The whole night through
Everything is always right
When I'm alone with you.

To be alone with you
At the close of the day
With only you in view
While evening slips away
It only goes to show
That while life's pleasures be few
The only one I know
Is when I'm alone with you.

They say that night time is the right time

To be with the one you love
Too many thoughts get in the way
In the day but you're always what I'm thinkin' of
I wish the night were here
Bringin' me all of your charms
When only you are near
To hold me in your arms
I'll always thank the Lord
When my working day's through
I get my sweet reward to be alone with you.

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● COUNTRY PIE

(As recorded by Bob Dylan/Columbia)

BOB DYLAN

Just like old saxophone Joe
When he's got the hogs head up on his toe
Oh me, oh my love that country pie
Listen to the fiddler play when he's playin' till the break of day
Oh, me, oh my love that country pie.

Raspberry, strawberry, lemon and lime
What do I care?
Blueberry, apple, cherry, pumpkin and plum
Call me for dinner, honey, I'll be there
Saddle me up my big white goose
Tie me on 'er and turn me loose
Oh me, oh my love that country pie.

I don't need much, and that ain't no lie
Ain't runnin' any race
Give to me my country pie
I won't throw it up in anybody's face.

Shake me up that old peach tree
Little Jack Horner's got nothin' on me
Oh, me, oh my love that country pie.

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● ONE MORE NIGHT

(As recorded by Bob Dylan/Columbia)

BOB DYLAN

One more night the stars are in sight
But tonight I'm as lonesome as can be
Oh, the moon is shinin' bright
Lighting everything in sight
But tonight no light will shine on me
Oh it's shameful and it's sad
I lost the only pal I had
I just could not be what she wanted me to be
I will turn my head up high to that dark and rolling sky
For tonight no light will shine on me.

I was so mistaken when I thought that she'd be true
I had no idea what a woman in love would do

One more night I will wait for the light
While the wind blows high above the tree
Oh, I miss my darling so I didn't mean to see her go
But tonight no light will shine on me
One more night the moon is shinin' bright and the wind blows high above the tree
Oh, I miss that woman so I didn't mean to see her go
But tonight no light will shine on me.

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● TELL ME THAT IT ISN'T TRUE

(As recorded by Bob Dylan/Columbia)

BOB DYLAN

I have heard rumors all over town
They say that you're planning to put me down
All I would like you to do
Is tell me that it isn't true.

They say that you've been seen with some other man
That he's tall, dark and handsome
And you're holding his hand
Darlin' I'm a-countin' on you
Tell me that it isn't true.

I know that some other man is holdin' you tight
It hurts me all over
It doesn't seem right
All of those awful things that I have heard
I don't want to believe them
All I want is your word
So darlin' you'd better come through
Tell me that it isn't true.

All of those awful things that I have heard
I don't want to believe them
All I want is your word
So darlin' I'm countin' on you
Tell me that it isn't true.

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● TONIGHT I'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH YOU

(As recorded by Bob Dylan/Columbia)

BOB DYLAN

Throw my ticket out the window
Throw my suitcase out there too
Throw my troubles out the door
I don't need them anymore
'Cause tonight I'll be staying here with you.

I should have left this town this mornin'
But it was more than I could do
Oh, your love comes on so strong and I've waited all day long
For tonight when I'll be staying here with you.

Is it really any wonder the love that a stranger might receive
You cast your spell and I went under
I find it so difficult to leave.

I can hear that whistle blowin'
I see that station master, too
If there's a poor boy on the street then let him have my seat
'Cause tonight I'll be staying here with you.

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● PEGGY DAY

(As recorded by Bob Dylan/Columbia)

BOB DYLAN

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away
By golly what more can I say
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day

Peggy night makes my future look so bright
Man that girl is out of sight
Love to spend the day with Peggy night.

Well you know ever ev'n before I learned her name
You know I loved her just the same
An' I tell 'em all wherever I may go
Just so they'll know that she's my little lady and I love her so.

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away
Turned my skies to blue from grey
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away
By golly what more can I say
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

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JOHN MAYALL

John Mayall is nothing less than the fountainhead of the whole modern electric blues revival. Born in 1933, Mayall grew up in the northern English city of Manchester. By 1950 he was playing the blues, for whoever cared to listen (not very many in those days). After almost fifteen years of scuffling in Manchester, he chanced to read (in the British pop paper, *Melody Maker*) about a blues band achieving some success in London. Mayall went to the big city, scuffled some more, and slowly built up a reputation as Britain's best bluesman. International fame began to come to Mayall in 1966, after Eric Clapton joined his band after leaving the Yardbirds. Since then, a series of best-selling LP's (on the London label in the U.S.A.) have chronicled the dynamically changing Mayall band. Jack Bruce, Peter Green, Mick Fleetwood and Aynsley Dunbar are only a few of the prominent musicians who served apprenticeships in the Mayall Bluesbreakers. But through all the changes, it is Mayall himself who has remained, by common consent, the premier figure of British blues. Through his records, and through the music of those who worked with him, he has played an enormous role in shaping the American blues revival as well.

This interview was conducted in Los Angeles on April 9, 1969.

HP: Tell us some of the ways in which you have been affected by all the recent changes in the blues, and its rise to popularity.

JM: I don't really know. It's hard to see something that happens gradually; it's part of everything else. In '55 there wasn't too much creative music at all. Those were the days when, for something to sell, it couldn't possibly be creative. Show business was show business, a contrived thing. Music you'd play at home...like serious jazz record collectors, blues record collectors, was something completely divorced from that.

HP: How did the world get out of that bag, to the extent that it has?

JM: Well, I couldn't really tell you...but just in England, for a couple of years in the late 40's, there was a traditional jazz band boom, which was a nonamplified music for clubs. I think the thing that sort of got clubs going was the traditional jazz thing. It was a big thing. In each town, they'd have their own bands, y'know. In Manchester it was the Saints Jazz Band that were the big crowd-pullers; they could really take care of things in Manchester. Once the clubs had been established all over the country you'd get the London bands, guys like Humphrey Lyttleton and a little bit later on Chris Barber, you'd get them coming up for one-nighters. And then you got Lonnie Donegan, who within the Chris Barber jazz band had a smaller group, which was covering Leadbelly-type stuff. And they titled that Skiffle; that was an offshoot thing from the Trad thing, infiltrated into pop records and the charts and so forth. And then Trad just went its way, kept on going...When did the Beatles come into things?

HP: Over there? '62, '63...

JM: Well, you see, like Trad had held the fort for all these years, and I just can't remember what else...

HP: Presley?

JM: Yes, in records you see, but you couldn't see him. This is what I say...there'd be all the Americans who would have the chart records, and that's a show business thing. Elvis Presley's show business, Gene Pitney, Cliff Richard, Shadows, stuff like that. The Beatles were the first ones that actually had something different. They didn't dress up in suits and present a show; they were just very casual about it. They had a good creative thing, making new compositions.

HP: How did you start to work into performing in public?

JM: Well, I didn't start it off. You see, I'm in Manchester, and the only gigs I ever did were in the odd interval spots, knocking together bands in college, and the like.

HP: Did you ever play Trad music?

JM: No, only blues, that's all I ever did. From the beginning. There was no demand for it, it was just all for myself. The thing that disturbed me was playing it, and finding it absolutely impossible to get any kind of audience for it, which is a restriction because blues is supposed to be a communal thing as well as an expression of your own self. It was very alarming to be up in Manchester and then all of a sudden one day pick up the *Melody Maker* and find out that somebody's "discovered blues."

HP: In another part of England?

JM: In London. Which was Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated, which was then heralded as..."This is the new music that's still a part of

jazz rather than a part of Beatles and beat music."

HP: When was this exactly?

JM: Must have been late '62. This was after I'd been at it 'bout fifteen years. Blues Incorporated worked in what had been the Trad clubs. R&B, that's the name they called it. This was the thing that killed the Trad off, because it was a new beat for an old bunch of people who went to clubs, and it dragged in people who liked beat music, the amplified sound. It was a way of combining that with the jazz culture.

HP: How had you originally gotten into blues? Was there any one thing, any one record, any performer, that inspired you right at the beginning?

JM: (Long, long pause). I really can't, I can't tie it down to any one thing.

HP: Was it old-time blues—acoustic guitars and the like?

JM: No, that came later...Boogie woogie, the first I ever heard, I think it came through some kind of commercial version using boogie woogie, sort of like Freddy Martin. "Bumble Boogie," I know I bought that record.

HP: It was a bit hit in the States.

JM: It was there too. Well, y'know, from before that and like...anything that had the word "boogie" on it, I'd go and buy it, and then try and find out something more about it. Albert Ammons, Pine Top Smith, Pete Johnson, I started to build up a collection. Then Josh White, he was a guy that was heard a lot, and (Big Bill) Broonzy came a bit later on. It was all like, a white man just discovered him, and was trying to present him like a folk artist, and Bill never changed that image. People never realized

that he'd recorded like fifteen years before that, and he'd always been with bands, tough Chicago bands.

HP: There's a new LP on Epic, some of his band records.

JM: So much of it you know. I just went for the pianists, stuff like Big Maceo, John Fish, the pianist in the Saints Jazz Band...in '48, '49, I got close to him, I used to hand on like a groupie, sit at the end of his keyboard and watch. He let me go over to his house and listen to records. He told me about Big Maceo, Jimmy Yancey, Cripple Clarence Lofton.

HP: When you began to play gigs, what kind of musicians did you have with you, or did you play alone?

JM: What, on my things? They were so few and far between, Maybe one or two a year, y'know.

HP: However far and few, I'm interested in how your concept of a band evolved.

JM: It was not really a band concept, like if you play the piano it's my style, or if you play the guitar you want a drummer to work with you and a bass player and whatever else you got, y'know.

HP: So did it grow up around your singing and playing?

JM: I don't know, I never thought about it. We got a gig, and got a bass, drum. I couldn't find bass players. Some I did with a sax, piano and drums. Sometimes a guitar, different permutations.

HP: Electric or acoustic guitar?

JM: Oh, electric, always electric.

HP: What made you decide to use an electric guitar way back then in 1952? That was when B. B. King was just getting started, wasn't it?

JM: B. B. was someone I heard much later. Electric guitar was a thing that had just sort of come into contemporary usage, y'know, and you don't go back.

HP: Was there anybody, any guitar player that really influenced you?

JM: Well, the guitarists I used to listen to from when I was about 6 or 7 were Django (Reinhardt), and Charlie Christian. I got 250 of Django's records.

HP: Getting back to the blues revival, that Alexis Korner band, Sounds Incorporated. Just what kind of a group was that? How did they sound?

JM: Well, because of Alexis Korner's interest in jazz, he brought horns into it, and because Cyril Davies (singer & harp player-ed). was sort of a diehard Muddy Waters traditionalist, Leadbelly was like his favorite, Sonny Terry, you got a sort of combination of the two forces, y'know, and that was the first band. They came up to Manchester, and I thought I'd go down there and try it, and in my naivete I figured I'll go down there and be immediately recognized and next week I'll be in the Melody Maker. Which didn't happen for nearly two years. Lots of bands, lots of changes, plenty of rude awakenings.

HP: Who was in Alexis Korner's band when they first...?

JM: It was Alexis on guitar & singing, Cyril on harmonica & singing, on piano they had Johnny Parker who came from Humphrey Lyttleton's band, from the Trad thing. They had Dick Heckstall-Smith on tenor, Graham Bond on alto, Jack Bruce on string bass, and Ginger Baker... I think Ginger was still like doing the modern jazz clubs, Ronnie Scott's. The majority of his work from the beginning was with modern jazz, or mainstream jazz. Jack, on the other hand came from a Scottish Trad band, though he didn't stay in it as long. That was a hell of a band, and then by the time I got down there, it had split up, because Cyril Davies and Alexis had strong disagreements about the jazz content, improvisation content, y'know. Cyril said it has to sound like Muddy Waters, like those records, wasn't interested in progress. Like there's one guitar player now whose lifetime ambition is to not sound like himself but to be the reincarnation of Elmore James. That to me is not a blues artist, just a very sick,



sad thing. He doesn't really know what blues is because he's not interested in telling his story, he wants to be somebody else. Sort of similar with Cyril Davies. It was a tempestuous band, full of flaring tempers. So Cyril left and formed the Cyril Davies All Stars. Alexis still kept the Blues Incorporated title; they didn't have another harmonica player. The next big breakup was that Graham Bond went out on his own, and he took Dick, and he took Ginger, and he took Jack, and that really smashed the whole lot. Johnny Parker left, so there was only Alexis, so Alexis really had to start from scratch, and he never got a band like that again. So Graham had all the...that was the Graham Bond Organization, they started to get known.

HP: What happened to the All Stars?

JM: Well, Cyril died, He was ill, had pleurisy. He was in his early 30's. older than the current people around. His All Stars, he had Bernie Watson on guitar, he got him from Screaming Lord Sutch's band, and also from Lord Sutch he got the drummer, Carlo Little, and the bass player Rick Brown, who's now with

Georgie Fame, and Nicky Hopkins on piano. Nicky was ill as well, had to give up playing, he was in a hospital about two years. That's how he came to doing studio stuff, giving up being on the road after his operation. He became in demand for sessions because he was a schooled pianist, he could do anything.

After Cyril died, I got Bernie Watson, the guitarist. Before that I had Davy Graham and a few other people. So Bernie was with me, like, for the first year. That was when I was semi-professional, had a day job all that time. So when there became enough work to warrant giving up my day job, that meant going professional. My drummer, Peter Ward, who was in art college with me, didn't want to go professional because he was doing pretty well in advertising. He saw that as being his future, so he packed in the drumming. And Bernie packed it in because he wasn't interested in music. He was only interested in classical guitar, and so I had John McVie left, who was the first bass guitarist that I had. So really he held the record for being with me the longest time. John gave up his job at the same

time as I did and we went professional. I had a whole succession of drummers, none of them lasted. I got a guitarist named Roger Dean, who was a very pleasant fellow y'know. He wasn't a blues player, just a fast guitarist. He impressed audiences by his speed and facility. That was the band for about a year, until I met Eric. We made two singles and an album with that lineup. There was one single that Bernie was on, Bernie Watson, that was the first single, "Crawling Up A Hill"/"Mr. James." That was the first record I ever made, on (English) Decca. And then nothing happened for another nine months. Then, we made another one after Roger joined, end of '64. We cut out live album at Klook's Kleek, which is in London. That was with Roger, and that was when we'd gone professional. There was a single as well—"Crocodile Walk"/"Blues City Shakedown." And that was the end of records because they didn't sell. It was very hard after that. So then I heard Eric anyway, and I told Roger sorry, I gotta have Eric. (Chuckles) So I got Eric.

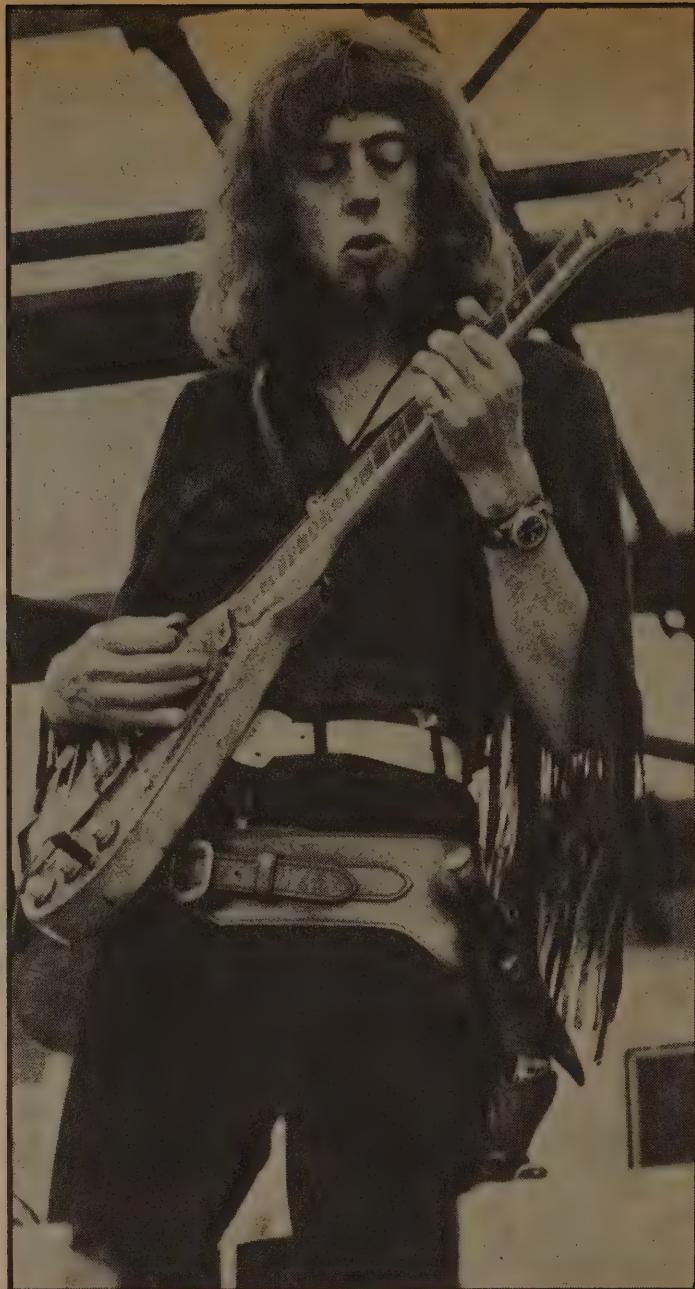
HP: What kind of a group was he in?

JM: He was in the Yardbirds. The

Yardbirds, among the bands that were the club draws and the names, were written about as being The Ones, and I never was, 'cause I was just one of these... I just didn't appeal to large audiences, my stuff was very... amateur hour or something. In the British R&B boom there was the Rolling Stones, and Manfred Mann, and then when the Stones got too famous, got a hit record, and that removed them from the small clubs, they needed a replacement, a duplicate of the Stones, so they constructed this outfit called the Yardbirds, which to me was just....

HP: Who constructed it?

JM: Giorgio Gomelski, 'cause he ran the clubs where the Stones had started. They were nothing much, really, in the way of being blues musicians. They were a constructed commodity, to be a blues band. And this is what eventually hung Eric up, y'know. It was good that he had the gig, because it meant that he could play blues numbers in a group in which that was the repertoire, and play for people. But, y'know, he eventually completely bugged himself, and he couldn't work any more with them. It annoyed him to play with people that were not blues musicians. He could never see it. They got their hit record, it sort of shot up to Number 1. "For Your Love." And like the same time it reached its peak and they were made, Eric left. So I asked if he wanted to play with me, and he said yeah, so he joined. We remained what you call underground, I suppose, I mean we just did the same thing, same circuit. Audiences gradually began to grow, but you'd never read anything about it. But as far as records were concerned, we were dead, finished. We had made a record and it bombed, and it really had to start all over again. So we got Immediate, and they agreed that they would release a single, and made this record probably about September '65. Eric had joined the July before. We made this single for Immediate called "I'm Your Witch Doctor"/"Telephone Blues," and that was the only thing that was available, to people who would come to those clubs every week, every day, and they bought it. But it was like sort of small. Sold about 1500 copies of the single, and that was more than we'd ever sold before. Like the first album sold 1000 copies. So 1500 records, that was a lot for us, but not by Immediate's



standards. So when we asked to do another one, I had to pay for it. We did "On Top of the World"/"Double Crossing Time." And then they said sorry, not gonna release it. So they didn't. It cost me 200 pounds, out of my own pocket — I had to pay to make records at this time.

And then Mike Vernon, who worked for (British) Decca, he used to come and see us all the time. Bluesbreakers really got to be quite a big thing in clubs, packed people in. So Vernon went to Decca and said look, we still got Mayall signed, and they got a very good club following. Is it possible that we could do one? They said okay. So we got a new contract with Decca, and this was on the terms that they would pay the costs so that it wouldn't cost me money to make records.

And so we made the Bluesbreakers album with Eric Clapton. (Available in the U.S. on London-ed.) But by the time that came out, Eric had left. The record came up a hit, y'know, but all those people who bought that thing, at the same time they bought it, they heard that Eric wasn't there anymore, so the old attendance just went poof. Jack Bruce had split earlier. He had joined Manfred Mann. He had come to me from Graham Bond's band.

So I got Peter (Green) and gradually built it back up again. Aynsley (Dunbar) came in around that time as the drummer, and when he got too out of control, going crazy, tied up with technique and bringing down the overall thing, he had to go. He was replaced by Mick Fleetwood, and we made some records, about three singles. They

weren't on LP's, this was like a period between LP's, so these three singles are the only records of the lineup of Peter, John McVie, Mick Fleetwood and myself. (There are not presently available in the U.S.A., but are available on a Dutch LP entitled *So Many Roads*-ed.) Peter's first record was "So Many Roads"/"Looking Back," and the next one was "Sitting in the Rain"/"Out of Reach", and there was another one, "Double Trouble"/"It Hurts Me Too."

After that I got rid of Mick and replaced him with Keef Hartley. And eventually Peter wanted to do his own band. So he got Mick Fleetwood and then he asked John McVie to join. It was a big step for John and he didn't feel secure, it was like too big of a step, he'd been with me forever y'know. But eventually he did. He was replaced by Keith Tillman. It was about then that I saw Dick Heckstall-Smith, (the saxophone player who'd been with Blues Incorporated and Graham Bond) was free, so I got him. So when *Crusade* came out, we were over here, but we had a different lineup from what was on the record. Well, it's just the way they all change around, like all the names, been like a whole lot of 'em have been in it, from the beginning.

HP: It seems that over the years you've paid a lot of dues, and other people are reaping the benefits.

JM: Well, not really, 'cause I don't believe that people can use other people to get where they are. They may do that initially, but if they genuinely made it, y'know, on the strength of their talent, whoever they would have been with, 'twould've been the same story. There are people who come up on the strength of somebody else's stuff, but unless they've the talent to back it up, it won't last. If a guy's talented that's good for music in general, creating. There's not really very many of 'em about. I get letters from people who want to be with me... sell my soul to do this, they say. You can tell from the letter that they're no good. I get 'em from every country. Half the audiences are always made up of musicians, they can say I play in a band too, they all play in bands. All the audiences play in bands.

HP: Would you like to talk about some of the things you're doing now? I hear you have a big recording project happening.

JM: Well, it's too early to talk about that, you start talking about

something and it excites people's interest and then where is it? it's not there yet.

HP: Were you happy with your **BLUES FROM LAUREL CANYON** album?

JM: Oh yeh, I'm always pleased with my records, if I made them and pass them. If they weren't right they wouldn't get released, do 'em again. So once it's right, and it's released, I gotta be satisfied, that it did that job, the specific job it was supposed to do.

HP: Is it the most commercially successful of all your albums?

JM: I don't know. To me it ends when I finish the record and package it all up, 'cause there's nothing else I can do about it after that. Each time I put a new one out, it beats the last one by so many sales, but all the others move up, so none of them get left behind. I don't care about who's going up and down, who's biggest, who's top drawer, anything. I'm not interested in winning races, I'm just interested in having an audience.

HP: Looks like you'll always have one.

JM: Yeh, but I can't take that for granted. Every night it depends on what I do. Everytime I play, that's it. It's like I'm up there for the first time, and they never heard me, you can't assume they'll accept everything you do, no way to work that. You lose touch with what's going on that way, been proven so many times.

HP: When I first heard **BARE WIRES**, one of the things I noticed most were the words, how they're original, not old blues words.

JM: Yeh. That's the way it should be. Blues should be experience.

HP: Did you make a conscious decision to stop singing other people's words?

JM: I suppose so, it was mainly because of the fact that I didn't think that way of doing other people's numbers, I thought — why am I doing this? What's the point? I got so many other things that I could sing about, y'know. To make albums, particularly, you got enough things that you have to say, not room for any more, you need all that space. 'Cause it's the only chance you get, every three months. A whole stack of things can happen between records... numbers get in and out of the catalogue. So when it comes time to make records, you think, wonder if

you could use that, is it still relevant.

HP: It must strike you as kind of strange, a lot of things that have happened to the blues, in the process of becoming a mass cult.

JM: Well, you see, I don't agree that it is a mass, never will be, blues can never be a mass feeling.

HP: Why is that?

JM: 'Cause it's art. Only a small minority of the public of the world are art conscious, y'know. If you're working on the assumption that all the buyers of Cream albums have been turned on to B.B. King, there's not enough... Look at the proportions. All he gets, all I get, are the proportion of people who are interested further than the Cream, to go back into Eric's connection with me, his connection with B.B., and the sales get smaller. You end up with Otis Rush. You can't get records of him.

HP: New album by him just out.

JM: Yeh. Mike Bloomfield thing. He sincerely believes in how great Otis Rush is, and he's really sincere about making a great album presenting Otis Rush, but he has not captured Otis Rush. An artist has an aura, like John Lee Hooker, he doesn't do much musically, but everything he does, there's an aura around him. Same with Otis Rush.

HP: Would you connect that aura with the way that he performs live?

JM: No, because he's been in many ways destroyed by the system.

HP: Would you tie it to what you heard on the Cobra records (Otis Rush singles, made 1956-1959-ed.)?

JM: Yeah. Like on the Cobra ones, you put 'em on, Otis' voice leaps out at you, it's really Otis Rush, you hear the voice and you hear every kind of thing that's in that voice. It says so much. You hear some guitar, and it matters. You put the new record on, and you're conscious of this modern soul sound, and then Otis starts to sing, and it's way under somewhere, the thing that has the beat is the big orchestra, brass and everything, it's so emphasized. And then somewhere underneath it, on one of the speakers, there's this little voice that comes out of it, and some guitar, but you can't hear it, just this sort of big arrangement. You should always take the artist and find out what he would... the essentials of what he is, and then construct your backing around that. The artist is the thing you want to hear, y'know.

HP: Are there some other blues artists who were active in the 1950's, that made records back then, that you think have been successfully recorded in the last five years?

JM: Well, I think BB has been successfully recorded. I've never heard him live. He is presented on records probably very truly, the way he is. I prefer his recent albums to the things from the '50's, cause those old arrangements are pretty out of date now. At least all B.B.'s records, Hooker's too, they've had so many albums, a lot of them are pretty samey, but every once in a while you still get records by John Lee and it's just kind of obvious that it's really been intelligently put together. **Simply the Truth**... That is a case where they've done an up-to-date backing, beautiful sound, contemporary sort of musicians on it, and yet still completely captured John Lee Hooker. Chess tried to do the same kind of thing with Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf, and those albums are just criminal, they just show complete total non-understanding.

But all these albums have tried to do the same thing, bringing old-time artists up-to-date. The kids want to hear a contemporary sound. Now B.B., he's a traditionalist, and that limits him in terms of the young public. He has no pretensions about being progressive or anything. But at least he's one of the few ones who has a right to do this, because he's still an artist. Whereas many of them are just tired old men, never saw it in terms of knowing how to handle... never being aware of what made them accepted and what didn't. Almost 75%, maybe, of Negro artists are like that. They had big records once, they get some white guys to come along and revive, re-present them, they play for white audiences, and they never understand why they don't get any further than they do. It's a sort of dead end, making an overnight success and then... they just don't have it any more. They fall into a trap, they get appreciated, with a big audience, and that's like what they've searched for all their lives. They just change because of that audience. They get unrealistic about it. They just get up there and... they miss. People like Otis Rush, y'know, no difficulty in communicating. They're nearer to this generation. But the only way they can reach people is through records. These records have got to be done by the right people. So there's my project. To make sure that if there is somebody young who's

good and getting nowhere, and if he's still got it, capture it, present it, make it available to anybody who wants to know. The first thing it must not be, is for somebody to hunt for it, and find it's a disappointment. Not just anything by the artist, put together by someone who knows he's great but doesn't know how to make a record — that's what happened with Otis Rush.

HP: In closing, could you name any younger performers who've really impressed you lately... black or white?

JM: Hmm... It's like I said too much about that kind of thing already, it comes out accomplishing nothing. There's just a few good people who can play blues, 'cause they were born to, and a whole gang of other people take up their own interpretations, and to the great public it all gets classified as one, and it leads to the assumption that blues is big. It possibly isn't.

HP: Could you tell us what you mean by blues in this case?

JM: I won't define blues.

HP: When you talk about blues do you refer chiefly or exclusively to music by black artists?

JM: No, because race has nothing to do with it, really hasn't. At the start, it was Negroes, there are very few whites who have absorbed that culture, you would have to have lived with that, whether first-hand, or through records.

HP: You would say that one can absorb this culture through records.

JM: Yeah, but only if you were born a blues player yourself. Everybody who picks up a saxophone isn't going to be a jazz player. They can learn the runs and phrases and scales of other people. Till the day they die they can study and study, but they're not necessarily gonna say something.

HP: When I happened to talk to black performers, and I asked them what blues was, they invariably come up with a description of a state of mind.

JM: That's all it is. The form is nothing... just 2, 3 chords. That's why you can't learn it. That's what makes it so hard for people to copy it. It's impossible to copy 'cause it doesn't exist, y'know. Just three dopey chords and that's it. The form is nothing, it only becomes blues. It's a personal thing, y'know. Blues is a coathanger. □

barret hansen



THE DOORS

A bitter January day. The morning after a Doors concert, their biggest yet, at Madison Square Garden. The gate was \$125,000.00, the performance was obedient and bland. The sound was rotten. The highs went shooting straight up from the stage, hit the ceiling and came screeching off the walls. The minute the audience screamed for *Light My Fire* the Doors gave it to them. They know by now that it's the best they can do.

There was the usual crowd of chickies hanging out in the lobby of The Plaza, a stately mansion of the aristocracy of transient New Yorkers. The Doors were registered there and so were a few of the more well-heeled groupies who occupied a room and tried desperately to get Jim Morrison on the telephone all day. Downstairs, a small crowd of girls and a few boys chattered among themselves. These are seasoned popstar hunters. They see someone come in with a tape recorder and size me up. They approach me very hesitantly, eyes charred, voices hushed. These girls wanted, not to go upstairs and play, but only to know if Jim Morrison was all right. Was he dying, one of them asked me, was he desperately unhappy, had he been lobotomized and why was he incommunicado that day. They were earnestly and profoundly disturbed.

Some of them claimed to have seen Morrison stick a pin in his eye last September.

Enthralled by the manic chaos the Doors manifest for their stage act, these fans went up a wall at the thought of Morrison turning the destruction on himself. The kingdom was crumbling and these fans sensed that Morrison, and the metier of the Doors was dying. They were there, as it were, to wail at the wake.

I thought back to September when the Doors were last in New York. It flashed on me as I stepped into the oakened elevator to the 14th floor where the Doors were waiting for reporters.

Last September had been the Singer Bowl concert on the grounds of the New York Worlds Fair. Most of the fair had been disassembled, but the bowl was kept as a concert establishment. The Doors concert had ended in a small riot last September and -- well, let's start at a sort-of beginning.

It was a double bill, the Doors and the Who. A zealous editor was excited about the idea of a confrontation of the sacrosanct and sent me out on the story. It was a confrontation of garbage and it depressed me and I didn't write a story about it. If I'd been at all concerned about the Doors, the Singer Bowl Concert would have been the occasion when I might have seen the end coming.

Babe Hill, a portly sunburned beach mongrel, part of a film crew which used to travel

with the Doors confirmed my editor's hopes. "There's already been some trouble," he grinned. "The Who don't want the Door's equipment onstage when they play. I think they're sore because they didn't get top billing. They threatened to wreck the Doors equipment if it's there when they close the set."

It was a humid, tense, end-of-summer evening and the natives had been quiet all season -- almost too quiet. I was apprehensive and I mentioned the possibility of trouble to Hill. "That's what we want," said Hill indifferently, stooping to check out a tape recorder, "film of unruly kids."

Babe Hill and Paul, another member of the film crew and I got into a limousine and waited for Morrison to come out of the motel in which they were staying. He arrived, slouched in the seat of the car and we headed out of New York and into Queens toward the Singer Bowl, none of us, much less the driver, knowing exactly where it was.

Paul and Babe and Jim chatted sporadically in the back seat of the car. I rode in front. "We ought to see more of New York," Paul suggested. "We could take the boatride around Manhattan or just go walking around. Do you ever go out in the street, Jim?"

"Not often," answered Morrison absently. He eyed me steadily and warily for a full

The Kingdom Has Crumbled

minute before he spoke. I returned his gaze. "Who's that strange creature in front?" He grinned shyly at an introduction and offered me a beer.

In contrast to the depraved arrogance Morrison projects onstage, he's endearingly bashful, almost awkwardly shy at other times. He affects indifference, apes bravado and generally gives the appearance of deep thought, flippant attitudes, helpless stupor - anything he can get away with until he sizes up the strange elements of the scene. Either he's watching and waiting and taking it all in or he's uncertain and recedes, throwing up a pose as a cover. Much to my genuine surprise, I liked him instantly and have liked him ever since.

When the cursory conversation dwindled, he leafed through a copy of the *Village Voice*. "Sure is a bore. Sure ain't nothing happening around here," he flipped the paper to the floor of the car, slouched morosely in the seat and began to sing *Eleanor Rigby* scattering the lyrics, mumbling something about rice all over her face.

"You're weird man!" I laughed. He grinned, utterly delighted.

"I tries," he drawled in response, closing his eyes and smiling.

The driver got lost and Morrison accused him of anarchy. We got caught in the traffic jam of people coming to the Singer Bowl. Eventually we found the road to the stage entrance. As we rounded the bend a bunch of fans came into view. They had been waiting for just this car.

They ran up to the limousine and we had to stop halfway to the building. They ganged the car, hands and faces pressed to every available window. They ran around the front of the car looking in and some of them jumped on the back. There was laughter and squeals, very playful, very happy.

The windows were closed and I reached across his chest to snap the lock on Morrison's door. He got there before me and opened it. Hands reached in, touching him pulling at his clothing. He stepped out of the car and stood in the midst of them. They pressed beads and photos and drawings into hands."

"Will some of you girls escort me backstage?" Morrison laughed huskily, almost embarrassedly. "I might get mobbed or something."

Backstage was a steamy cement locker room. The area was crawling with photographers and fans who had somehow slipped by the guards. There had been no trouble so security was lax.

Jim decided to walk around outside. Looking over his shoulder to make certain the cameraman was behind him, he stepped out into the arena. He got about 20 feet before he was noticed, then hundreds of people swarmed up to him, running up to him, wanting to get near him, afraid to get too close. "He's gonna get himself killed tonight," someone remarked. I detected a trace of hopefulness in his voice.

The program started late. Nothing went right all evening. During the Who's set the revolving stage broke down and hefty repairmen hammered onstage trying to repair it. A fourth of the audience couldn't see. They were getting irritated. Peter Townshend did a bump and grind, quipping "had to get one in before Jim Morrison comes on."

At the close of the Who's set, the three Doors minus Morrison walked outside to watch the Who tear up the stage. Townshend dashed the guitar to the floor several times before it shattered. He threw pieces to the audience and people fought for the fragments. Drums rolled off the platform kicked in. From where I was standing I could see an equipment man light a smoke bomb. It was anticlimactical, the Who had bombed. Bad set. Beyond redemption. The break-up scene seemed inevitable, the only way off the stage.

But the crowd was roaring. There were 15,000 of them and they were whipped to a frenzy, from sheer frustration if nothing else.

A full half-hour passed and they were stomping and shouting, demanding the Doors. Manzarek, Krieger and Densmore were introduced and they vamped onstage waiting for Morrison, who was deliberately taking his time. When he stepped into the doorway a cheer went up. He smiled very slightly, posed just so, drawn up to full height, steely intense. I thought I saw him shiver. A cry went up and there was something agonized about it, something almost desperate. Girls hung over the tier above screaming and sobbing.

The security cops formed a wedge in front of him and a line behind him, completely surrounding him. They escorted him safely to the stage through the people that leapt at him, trying to grab him. He grabbed the mike and began to sing.

A good portion of the audience still couldn't see and they were furious. Crowds stormed the front of the stage and were turned back. The Doors took their time, hammering around in between songs, further infuriating the crowd. Some were trying to climb onstage and the rest were cheering them on. Jim spun around and growled songs at them, adlibbing, improvising, doing this ominous dance. The cameramen were onstage the whole time following him around. Hysteria was building and throughout the performance I checked in back of me every few minutes to make sure the way to the door was cleared in case I had to make a run for it.

"Cool down," Morrison urged seductively "We're going to be here a long time."

"Light My Fire, Light My Fire!"

Morrison shrieked, moaned, gyrated and minced to the edge of the stage, hovering over the ringside crowd. Hands reached out and grabbed him and the cops had to pry them away. Paul and Babe ducked a piece of wood which came flying onto the stage. Morrison grabbed it and heaved it back into the crowd. A moment later it came sailing through

the air again. People were fighting and breaking up chairs, the Doors were hardly visible from any angle because there were about 20 cops on stage. Morrison had made them a part of the act.

The set was closing and someone pulled me backstage. The Doors had to be dragged through a mob of screaming kids. Everyone was removed from the backstage except the Doors, Paul, Babe and myself. There was no one on the outside doors and the noise almost shook the walls.

I was aggravated. The whole scene was senseless, meaningless. The trouble had erupted out of frustration, everybody's frustration. The show was bad, the evening heat was sticky and the sound, once again was lousy. There was a lapse of rapport and a lapse of respect on the part of the Doors and the audience. The whole thing served no purpose, it didn't even let off steam. It was as inevitable as the Who's traditional freakout (which, to be fair is a raving beautiful scene when it truly culminates a set.)

We had to wait for an hour and the beer was passed around. The arena was cleared and Jim was in back talking to a girl who's head had been seriously cut. The camera man was filming it. John Densmore was batting an empty beercan against the wall with a piece of broken chair. He threw the slab of wood angrily against the wall, picked up a mop took it outside to the stage and started swabbing. He called for the camera man to shoot it, cursed when they remained with Jim. Jim came back in. "Do you think it looked phony, me talking to her?" he asked to nobody in particular. Nobody answered.

We got into the car and headed back to the city.

"Wow, that was weird," said John. "If they really got together and figured we're 15,000 and there are only a couple of hundred cops, they'd really...."

"I can't decide if I dig it or I don't," he continued. "Do you dig it, Jim?" Jim didn't answer. "In a way it's groovy, but it gets scary," John added, "all that unrest."

Jim turned around. "They'd really do a revolt thing if I jumped offstage, wouldn't they?"

"You'd be pretty messed up, man."

"Aw we should do something. They were throwing things and stuff."

"I threw about 20 drumsticks at them."

"We ought to throw money. Yeah, let's get a few hundred ones and throw them into the crowd. It'll be great for the movie."

Paul laughed. "Movie, hell. I'm not gonna be shooting, I'm gonna be picking up the bread."

We reach the motel and run into Pete Johnson, of all people. "Is that Pete Johnson?" Morrison whooped. "Man, when you wrote that we were the ugliest group in captivity, that was your finest hour!"

Upstairs we sipped cold drinks and chat-



ted. The riot was irrevocably behind us and we just sat in a New York motel room, a bunch of young people on a late Saturday night wondering what to do with ourselves. Pete Johnson asked John about the group's recent disaster in the Hollywood Bowl, home territory for the Doors. "Everytime we get together and don't have to talk about anything else we ask ourselves what went wrong." John was more than a little abashed. He continuously referred to the Doors as "the Dupes" and peeled off winners like, "hey, we know 'Hello, I Love You.'" is bull, but we've never been played by Bill Drake before." Something very close to compassion overtook me. The Doors, for all practical purposes were riding out their momentum, it just wasn't happening and they knew it.

The elevator reached the 14th floor and I wondered how they'd be this time around, four months and another Los Angeles disaster later. They had sold out Madison Square Garden. A crowd schooled in the game rules of a Doors concert turned out.

In major cities a Doors concert is a McLuhanist football game. A roar of noise when the group is brought to the stage, a constant demand for *Light My Fire*. The crowd rushes the stage and gets turned back: a thirty yard gain. Kids light sparklers and cops extinguish them, the crowd boos: A fifty yard loss. Shouts and applause. A touchdown! We'd seen the show before. Block that kick! Hold that line!

Morrison was mellow, subdued. No poem trips, howls or writhing. His voice has never been smoother or more melodic. He was poised, self assured and smiling. It was a pretty fair concert where both the strengths and weaknesses of the Doors were visible. But they are weary. Weary of their music, weary of the Doors, weary maybe of themselves.

Manzarek has an instinctive sense of energy levels, he ties all the elements together with the sonic pumping of his organ playing. Densmore, hardly a technically good drummer, manages to keep time and come off with surprisingly inventive figures now and then. He holds the drumsticks like two lamb chops, throws them to the chickies like bones to dogs. He flails his arms, pumps his legs, jerks his head around and throws his entire torso into the final crescendos slumps, oh-so-exerted after each song, head in arms, gasping for breath. And behind the newgrown moustache just the tiniest little condescending s-m-i-l-e.

If there's a star left in the Doors it's Robby Krieger, pulling sweet and salty notes out of his guitar, cuddling it close to him like a treasured baby, dripping of fluid runs and peppery melodic lines. He's still an exciting guitarist. When they give him room to blow, he throws it all out and reels it in again like a funky fisherman with a prize catch. That's rare, though. Like the rest of the musicians, Krieger is slicked over by the mystique of the Doors.

Morrison took off his jacket and heaved it into the crowd. Later, uptown, in a Chin-

ese restaurant, he shivered pathetically, no coat to keep him from the New York winter chill.

Diane, the press agent, and I approached the room. I'd come to the Plaza to interview the three musicians. It occurred to me that everyone writes about Morrison and the three Doors might also have something to say. Unfortunately, I was mistaken.

Manzarek, tanned, handsome, placid and indifferent, sat next to his gorgeous Oriental wife, Dorothy, and thumbed through a magazine. Densmore, a bony, uncertain man was alternately helpful, hostile, and friendly. They were uptight, afraid to talk about "certain things, nervous, suspicious, cynical. Krieger sprawled on an unmade bed watching from a distance behind shades. They evaded questions and issues, all in all they were as glib and complacent as their music has sounded for months. I suggested that the Doors have had it. "We're sure gonna fool them," John snorted. "All we want to do is burn." But everyone in the room was evading the fact that the Doors haven't ignited for months.

Performances have been fair to middling, the recording sessions for the fourth album haven't been going well. Morrison wasn't showing up for most of them and he didn't know the words to the songs when he Jim Morrison the "This Was The Freak That Was" award.

The slicks are even tired of them. A Doors story, once a hot piece of copy was, by then, expendable.

A well known musician told me, a good while before, that Morrison had exposed himself onstage in Tucson, Arizona. It wasn't true, but John Densmore was outraged. "That's how it starts," he fumed. "Somebody starts a rumor like that, and then at the next show if he doesn't top it everybody is disappointed!"

Morrison rang the room from upstairs. He asked to speak to me. He complimented me on something I wrote about the Rolling Stones for Saturday Review and invited me upstairs. I hardly hesitated, there was nothing going on, on the 14th floor.

I asked him if the vicious press about the Doors was upsetting him. "No, it's good for me," he said, "it breaks the bubble." He'd been gazing at a copy of *Jazz and Pop* with the Jefferson Airplane in nightclub costumes on the cover. "This is where it's all at," he moped. "It's sad to be a part of a dying thing."

By the end of the day the conversation had passed beyond a level of communication and we were all wallowing in each other's moods. There had been some rap, a couple of yocks and incessant telephone calls from girls. "I don't know why everyone makes a monster out of Jim," said Diane, the press agent, who'd been sipping a bit too much cognac. "He's just a Jewish mother!"

I was beyond comprehension at that point, I just leaned my head back against the sofa on which I'd been sitting and asked myself if this trip was really necessary. I was depressed and disjointed as I hailed a cab to



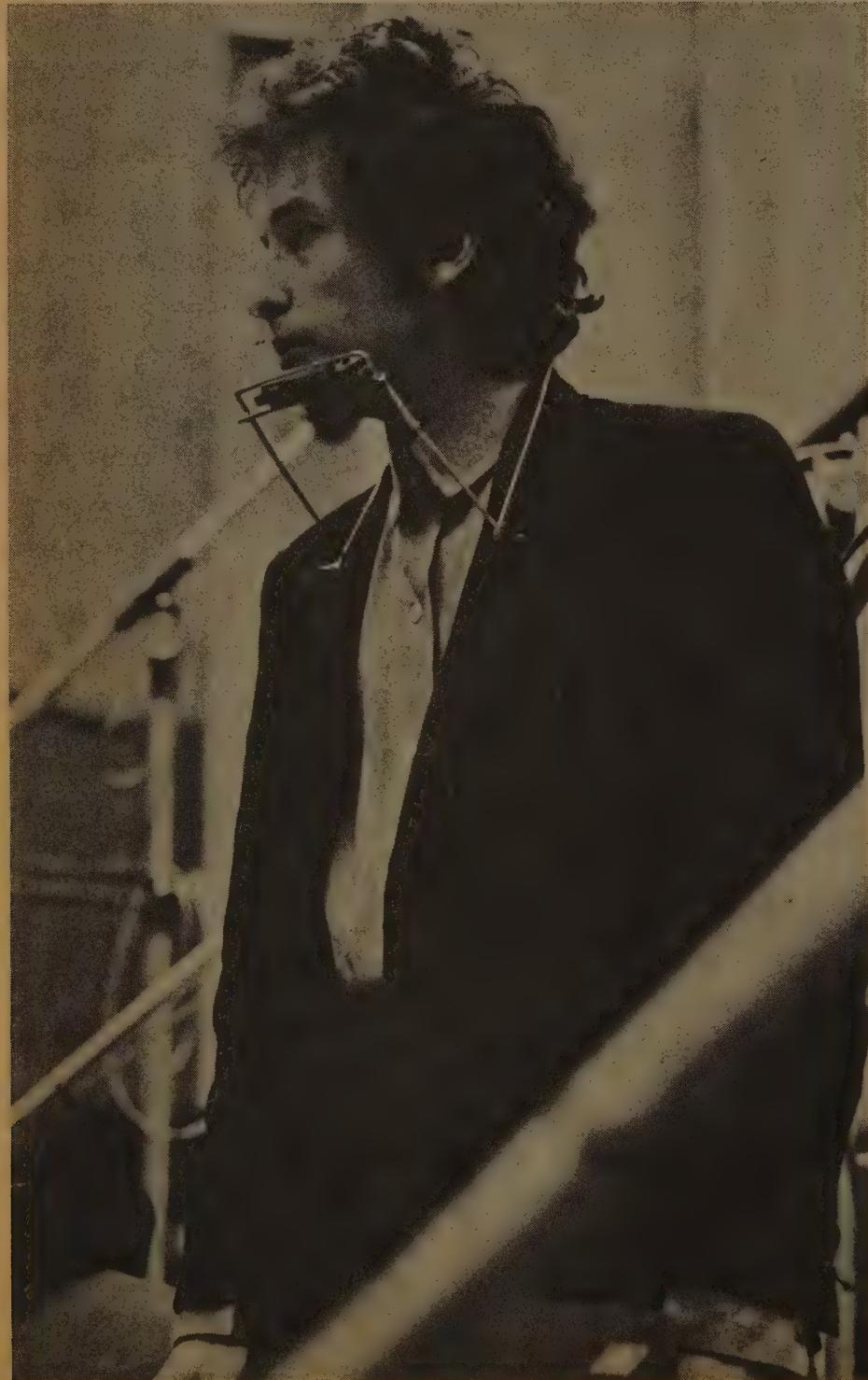
take me home. Later that night I went out and saw *Blood Sweat and Tears*, the perfect remedy. Remember that next time you're low. *Blood Sweat and Tears* is good for what ails you.

Well, its months later and the Miami Doors fiasco has almost died down. The Doors are in seclusion and people close to the group talk about the end. A former associate of the group says no, that would be too predictable. They're putting a lot of strings on the next album for a reason that must make some kind of sense to them, maybe to drown them out, who knows. But it's been over for the Doors for a long time now. Once they were fiery, arrogant renegade emperors of the pop scene and once they deserved it. They've made an unforgettable mark in the business, they

remained unique in their prime. Some accountant probably told them to keep on performing and they took his advice. Their booking agent is one of the few people that never complained that they were getting moldy.

"For an average of \$50 grand a night they can bust my chops all they want," he once told me. And I guess they bought it and who could argue, they have a right to make a living at their price. But they know and you know and I know that it's a charade at this point. The Doors should rest in peace, not do an overlong encore. It hasn't lit anyone's fire in a good long time. The kingdom has crumbled. It's sad, and a little ridiculous to sit in the middle of the ruins with your face hanging out after that. □

THE COUNTRY BOOM



DYLAN LOVES NASHVILLE

Country music has been making a lot of news lately. Thanks to The Tube Glen Campbell is now heard and seen every week by more people than the legendary Jimmie Rodgers played for in his whole lifetime. Meanwhile, the Nashville sound is being heard everywhere, as all kinds of pop people flock to take advantage of country music's studio techniques.

The country-music industry, as they like to call it, has publicized itself with a zeal and success unmatched anywhere else in the music world. Yet, with all this happening, the music itself has become stagnant. Whereas country music in the 1950's and before, was righteously anti-Establishment, the C&W industry of the 1960's is 100% commercial, tempted more and more every day by the big money of the "easy listening" market.

But if the country music establishment seems determined to shuck the most meaningful parts of its heritage in order to reach those big-spending city people, there are a lot of other city people picking up on that heritage. Within the last year, a whole new breed of country music has made its appearance. By combining the gentleness, warmth, and natural feeling of country music with the broad-minded imagination of modern rock, these young musicians are creating a beautiful alternative to the Nashville assembly line. And in the process, they have created what will be, for many people, an alternative to the excesses of rock as well.

Bob Dylan has led the way, as he has so many times before in contemporary music. Dylan, of course, was deeply into country music even before he decided that Bobby Zimmerman wasn't the most appropriate name for himself. His first album is liberally laced with old-time country sounds. There was a time (*Bringing It All Back Home*) when he seemed to be leading the world *away* from country-folk into city-rock. No other American musician of the 1960's has made a larger contribution to the rock scene, and what it is today, than Bob Dylan.

Shortly before a motorcycle accident interrupted his career, Dylan had recorded an album in Nashville, *Blonde on Blonde*. Though this album was stylistically an extension of its predecessor, *Highway 61 Revisited*, and not really in a country bag, his choice of recording location gave a clue to his future direction. As soon as he had recovered sufficiently from his accident to record, he went back to Nashville, and recorded *John Wesley Harding*. That album, truly one of the unclouded bright spots among 1968's plethora of disappointments, marks the beginning of the new breed of country music.



THE "HILLBILLY" BYRDS

All the songs in *John Wesley Harding* represent a trend toward simplicity of expression, and greater melodic character, as compared with *Blonde on Blonde*. But it is primarily the last two songs in the album, "Down Along the Cove" and "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," that contain the germ of the new country music. These two tunes both feature Pete Drake, one of the most prominent of Nashville's famous studio sidemen, on steel guitar. Now the "steel" has been a staple of country music for over thirty years, but many rock people have never seen one. The modern steel guitar is a descendant of the Hawaiian guitar, in which the strings are not fretted with the fingers, but instead played with a steel bar; hence the name. The modern steel, relying solely on electronic amplification, does away with the traditional guitar shape; the strings are strung on a table-like surface. Often there are several sets, each tuned to a different chord. The volume is controlled by a pedal, and there are other pedals to change the harmonies. The "steel" is one of the most electronic of all instruments, and it is a little surprising that it did not find a place in rock long ago.

It is the "steel" that makes the soaring countermelodies on "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight;" the sound is much more flowing, less jagged, than standard guitar lines with their inevitable sharp attacks. But there is a lot more to "Baby."

The words are remarkably free of the mixed metaphors and other poetic intricacies that had been a Dylan trademark since "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall." Like the rare best of modern C&W, it deals with personal relationships on a very down-to-earth level, communicating honest thoughts in plain language. It doesn't call attention to its literary technique, or force you to puzzle out the meaning word by word, as does (for instance) "Gates of Eden." You get the message first, and then admire the poetry, rather than the other way around.

It's really more similar to "I Walk the Line" or "Your Cheatin' Heart" than to most of Dylan's earlier work. If it strays at all from the guidelines of taste country music has evolved for itself, it may be just a little *too* direct, *too* earthy... "Bring that bottle over here," etc. We of the rock world would view such touches as superbly subtle examples of Dylan's genius, breaking through needless restrictions to make his expression more eloquent. A conservative country fan would see it as a breach of taste, period. Now we're not implying that all country-and-western people are that conservative, but therein lies the gulf between the traditional country audience and the rock audience. As we go along we will see some of the problems this gulf has created.

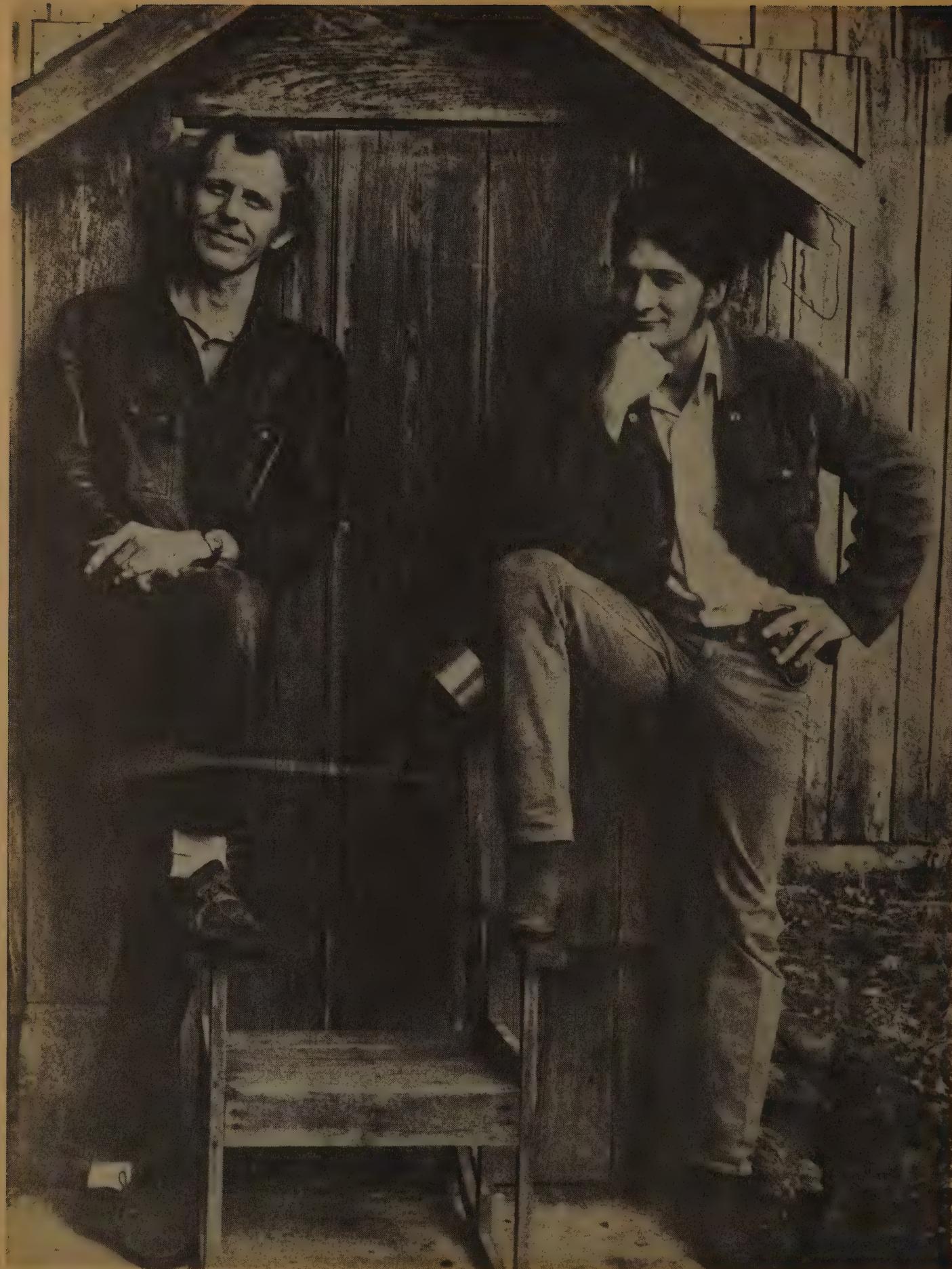
It was only appropriate that the Byrds, who did so much to spread the

Dylan gospel back in 1965, became the first group to expand the new-breed country concept into a whole album. This was *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, released in mid-1968.

Once the most celebrated groups in all America, the Byrds had seen better days. *Sweetheart*, however, was hailed by all as a new beginning. Gene Clark, Mike Clark and David Crosby were gone, but drummer Kevin Kelley and singer-guitarist-songwriter Gram Parsons were ready to take their places. Amid much high expectation, the group went to Nashville, appeared on the *Grand Ole Opry* (country music's most revered institution) and recorded part of their album there, the rest being done in L. A.

Sweetheart contains two Dylan songs, a couple of originals by Gram Parsons, Woody Guthrie's "Pretty Boy Floyd," the old hymn "I Am A Pilgrim" and several songs from the modern C&W repertoire. It's a good assortment. The new Byrds were an appealing blend of the old and the new--the vocal sound that had remained constantly recognizable through all the Byrds' changes, and a country instrumental sound with plenty of steel guitar, banjo and the like.

The album begins beautifully. Dylan's "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere" is harmonized exquisitely. The steel guitar, right in there from the beginning, sets a mood as fresh as a Ten-



DOUG DILLARD & GENE CLARK

nessee springtime. "I Am A Pilgrim" is also superb; they do it in very traditional country style, very simply and nobly, with nary a hint of rock's tension or sophistication.

For their third song they chose a modern gospel song by the Louvin Brothers, "The Christian Life." The accompaniment, featuring steel, is beautiful. But suddenly the vocal ceases to ring true. Something goes wrong with the accent, which becomes more country than country—in other words, a put-on. The lyric of the Louvin Brothers' song, we should point out, is a little backwoods sermon; it makes no attempt to stay cool. It's impossible to escape the suspicion that the Byrds treat it as a little camp classic. It clashes most unfortunately with the nobility of "I Am a Pilgrim," immediately preceding it on the album.

Country music was created by people who hold many attitudes that city musicians have a little trouble handling. Even though they may have loved country music since childhood, city people are so used to making fun of the sincere sentiment of country folk, that they have serious troubles making certain types of country songs come out right. The trouble is compounded by their efforts to please both city and country audiences with the same performance. Dylan has learned to surmount these difficulties, probably through years of hard knocks. The Byrds were not so fortunate.

The rest of *Sweetheart* passes without further problems of this sort. It is a pleasant album, but in the long run it winds up as another one of 1968's many disappointments. It isn't nearly as exciting as their previous work, and the musicianship, while competent, falls short of the total perfection that the tight coterie of Nashville sidemen have led us to expect in this kind of music. It didn't impress C&W people a whole lot (with a few exceptions), and there wasn't enough rock interest in it to draw many of the old Byrds fans. *Sweetheart* was a commercial failure, but at least it was a start.

And from that start the country-rock scene on the West Coast grew steadily. The Byrds went through some more personnel changes soon after *Sweetheart* was released. Chris Hillman departed, along with Parsons and Kelley, leaving Roger McGuinn as the only original Byrd. Hillman and Parsons formed a new group, the Flying Burrito Brothers, featuring a steel-guitar player named Sneaky Pete as a regular member. Meanwhile the Buffalo Springfield had disbanded, and some of its members had formed a similar group called Poco (now known as Poco). Gene Clark, another ex-Byrd, teamed up with

bluegrass banjo-player Doug Dillard to form The Dillard and Clark Expedition.

None of these groups made an instant smash, but all of them won steady followings around L.A., as people became increasingly attracted to the good vibes and honest virtues of simple country music. So far, the Burrito Brothers have been the most successful; their album, *The Gilded Palace of Sin* (A&M) has won them a fair amount of national recognition.

In terms of musicianship, the Burrito Brothers come off a good deal better than the Byrds did on *Sweetheart*. The singing is generally stronger (though still hardly in Buck Owens' league) and Sneaky Pete does very nice things with his steel guitar. In addition to doing the exquisite whines and howls that make up the contemporary C&W steel style, Pete can transform the instrument into a brilliant rock & roll lead guitar. As he rips off single-string runs, it's easy to forget that it's a steel guitar — until he throws in a bend or two that would only be possible on the four-legged guitar. The result is a very exciting expansion of lead guitar sound.

This is a group that can play for the hip and pseudo-hip at the Whisky-a-Go-Go on Sunset Strip one night, then buzz out to North Hollywood the next night and please the people at the Palomino Club — strictly C&W. They can be very country and very hip. All this is an impressive accomplishment. The only thing wrong with the Flying Burrito Brothers and their careful country-rock blend is that they work too hard at it. Instead of just doing their thing, they seem intent upon constantly reminding us that they are trying so hard to bring these two unlike things, rock and country, together. Like the combination of long shaggy hair and custom-tailored C&W clothes; like having their album cover picture taken in front of an outhouse; and like inserting an obnoxious rock guitar, sounding like last year's Blue Cheer, into the gentle and fresh country sounds of "Christine's Tune." The words have their problems, too. You admire the way the chorus of "Sin City" stays smack in the center between the country and hip attitudes:

This old earthquake's gonna leave
me in the poorhouse

It seems like this whole town's
insane

On the 31st floor, a gold-plated door
Won't keep out the Lord's burning
rain.

That is, you admire it until you realize that Dylan writes much better lyrics without being bothered by the culture gap as the Burrito Brothers obviously were. "Hippie Boy," which closes the album, is a recitation in the manner

of "Deck of Cards," and for the first three minutes or so it begins to look like the most effective and thoughtful statement anyone ever made about that culture gap. You want to have it played on every C&W station in the country, and have visions of it easing all the world's shorthair vs. longhair-type tension. And then they blow the whole thing at the climax, converting the whole thing into a cheap joke. The sing-along close of this tune ranks with the outhouse on the cover as a sophomore put-down of country ways.

There's an awful lot that's good about the Burrito Brothers, and it's a real dirty shame that a few slips in taste have the cumulative effect of making them look very Hollywood and plastic. What ought to be the most genuine music in the country becomes a cheap novelty.

The Fantastic Expedition of Dillard & Clark, also on A&M, come on with a lot less fanfare and hoopla, and with much better taste. Their music isn't as adventurous and exciting as that of the Burrito Brothers, but it's a lot truer and deeper, and it wears very well. This is more a folk than a C&W session, ("Nashville nixed with a vengeance...A country's heritage kept pure and acoustic," says the cover) but the rock feeling is still there, very profoundly. In fact it has considerably more kinship to modern rock than the Burrito Brothers, and it's also much closer to the spirit of real country music. The rock feeling comes from the rhythms, and from the vocals, which maintain at least as much of that old Byrds feeling as the current Byrds do. The country kinship is with bluegrass rather than modern C&W, and seeing how that old Byrds vocal style is itself bluegrass-derived, the blend works well. It works so well, in fact, that you forget all about those two widely different traditions being brought together, and just groove on the music as it's played. The words are well to the hip side of center, but there's none of that blatant nose-thumbing; a country fan might not understand all those words, but he wouldn't be offended. The Dillard & Clark Expedition isn't spectacular like the Burrito Brothers, but this record sure grows on you.

But perhaps the most satisfying of all these L.A. hip-country records is one that has come from the other side of the fence, so to speak. The Dillards are a veteran bluegrass band (Doug Dillard formerly played banjo with them), but they've been around L.A. long enough to be well acquainted with the hip aesthetic. *Wheatstraw Suite* (Elektra) contains country music played with unimpeachable authority, along with explorations of pop that are



THE FLYING BURRITO BROS.

at least as successful as the "hip" groups' exploration of country.

Like most real country musicians, the Dillards really know how to handle humor. Some of it is sidesplitting ("The Biggest Whatever," and a between-cuts interlude which is a parody of a market report on a country radio station); most of it is subtle and profound, there being some of that in nearly every cut. "Hey Boys" is easily the most meaningful comment on the city-country culture gap that appears on any of these albums, and it's a gas musically as well. Mostly it's bluegrass, but there's an exquisite break into Beach Boys harmony at the end of each chorus. It really sneaks up on you, and it's very tasty.

The Dillards have worked a minor miracle by making country feeling relevant to an urban audience the way they do, good vibes, humor and all. They really make the Burrito Brothers look like amateurs in that department. It's too bad that their excursions into pop—"Reason to Believe," "I've Just Seen A Face" and a couple of others—are kind of secondhand and a little mushy with string overdubs. But they pass under the needle without abrasiveness. If it's Hip Country music you want, *Wheatstraw Suite* is where it's at right now.

The latest edition of The Byrds came out with a new album a few weeks ago, *Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde*. This one covers quite a range of styles. Though there are a couple of really solid country tunes on it, (like the folksong "Old Blue"), it gets back in other ways to what the Byrds were before the Nashville trip. "Drug Store Truck Drivin' Man," a caustic song about an unpleasant Southern character, may be the epitaph to their country excursion. But throughout this album you hear the superb guitar-picking of

Clarence White, an ex-bluegrass musician. There's no steel guitar in the group now, but Clarence has an attachment rigged up to his standard box that lets him do quite a few of the neat steel-guitar tricks. There's also a good version of Dylan's "This Wheel's

On Fire" with some scary sound effects at the end, and some excellent things in non-country styles which I haven't got space to go into. It's a considerably more satisfying effort, on the whole, than *Sweetheart*.

But now our investigation of country-rock must come full circle, and focus all too briefly on the new Bob Dylan masterpiece, *Nashville Skyline*. The album title, cover photos, and liner notes by Johnny Cash (who also sings a duet with Dylan on the record) leave no doubt at all where Dylan's head is these days.

All ten cuts are pretty much in the idiom introduced on "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight." One of them even has a remarkable similarity in lyric content to that very song, "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You"—though there is a difference. The same crew of musicians is present, plus a couple more for good measure. There's plenty of fine steel guitar throughout.

As far as the relationship of these tunes to country music goes, pretty much the same comments we made for "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" apply here as well. The words are simple, to the point, honest and true, very much in the C&W spirit but without cliches, perhaps a trifle too racy for an audience that raises its eyebrows over "Gentle On My Mind," but just fine for us broadminded rock people. More dramatic is the contrast between *Skyline* and what Dylan has done before. Even

though the idiom of *Skyline* was previewed on *John Wesley Harding*, the two albums come across in radically different ways. For *Harding* is essentially the Dylan of pre-accident days, spinning long and complex lyrics that invite dissection and analysis, lyrics that operate on many different levels of meaning, and are open to a wide variety of interpretations. Each one is a challenge, stimulating the listener to dig deeply to come up with the maximum message value.

Not so with *Skyline*. Dylan the intricate poet, seer and challenger, has given way to Dylan the entertainer. He's an older, wiser and no doubt sadder man now than he was when he made his first album, way back in 1962. But the two albums, though worlds apart in style, have several things in common. Once again, Dylan is singing simple songs to make people feel good, just like he did back then. He's not preaching, or challenging or defying anybody; he's not appealing to anybody's depression or paranoia, or rationalizing a hedonistic existence, or any of the other heavy things people thought he was doing. He's simply entertaining you with some good songs. But let no man think he's gotten lazy (even if he has); songs of the quality we hear on this album are just as rare, and just as much of a challenge to write well, as anything else he's done. You may not sigh "What a genius" after every line, but you go away with the songs rotating in your head, and that is a sign of genius just as surely.

Dylan gives us an extra dividend here with his singing, which is much more melodic than it has been for many years. That atonal, half-spoken kind of singing which started turning up on *Another Side* and which Dylan kind of got carried away with on *Blonde on Blonde*, is all gone now. Dylan now sings tunes again, and with the kind of exquisite control you knew he had all the time.

It's a bit different to relate this album to the West Coast hip-country things; it exists on a whole different plane. The conflict between the audiences may still go on, between the people that say "What's Dylan doing singing with that dumb hillbilly singer" and those who say "What's Johnny Cash doing singing with that hippie creep." Hopefully most of us will be grooving between these two extremes. I don't think any of that matters much to Dylan; after all, he went through those changes years ago. On the other hand, his elevated plane of existence keeps him from saying a few things that are still worth saying, things that the West Coast groups have said and will be saying soon. □barret hansen

Communication

by Dom Petro

Words gradually take on different meanings and values with social changes and time. Words are approached with the current values and then there is some reaction. We become excited or indifferent upon hearing this or that.

To many people words become the actual things they represent. Which means that when we try to make one word summaries or labels for vaguely associated things, we may be asking for trouble in the realm of meanings which in turn affects values which in turn affects US.

Sometimes "things" change while the word refers to the same value. And sometimes the values change or become loaded with different meanings while the word remains constant. But language does grow and change and we must simply be aware of the relation between word and value.

A "sophisticate" (worldly wise) person is now "cool." In the past he might have been anything from an affected fop to an elegant courtier. The mannerisms would seem to be the same for today. They look at the world through passionless, half closed eyes with a somewhat bored or languid pose. They remain unmoved by cataclysms of personal menace.

But sophistication also means to deprive of simplicity, naturalness and goodness, implying that these belong to the naive, the somehow unimaginative, workaday clod. A "cool" person avoids blushing, enthusiasm, and friendly warmth as he would the Bubonic Plague. Yet they associate with earthly mortals. Associate involves being with people with the usual give and take. Mostly, you give—they take. Usually harmless and sometimes very elegant fixtures, they are somewhat boring while they wear their mask that hides a thousand secrets, burning subterranean passions, and a so much fuller knowledge of the world than we ordinary mortals possess. How do you evaluate the word "cool"?

In the past, social rules and taboos were quite fixed and recognizable. Anyone who did not fit got the BAD label. A thief then was a BAD MAN. Today he is an anti-social person carrying psychological burdens that would stagger us and probably deserves our sympathy. A rapist is a "victim" of frustrating repressions. In our efforts to understand, and because of extreme tendencies, we decided that BAD is not all bad but has some good, in fact, good enough to be worth saving. Fine. Then moving from some previous extremes of public condemnation and hanging those who did not comply, we now, solemnly, and with minimal emotional display view the ghastliest of crimes.

We so want to understand. The word "bad" was replaced by "misunderstood" and we study the criminal in order to understand what made him that way. The fact that he may have helped himself toward that end passes our understanding. So we empathetically see his point of view until we begin to make movies and stories from his point of view without any moral issue made and poor Bonnie and Clyde were finally done in by sneaky cops. Any act, no matter how ugly or vile may be made justifiable if seen through the eyes of the performer. How far do you carry words and meanings? How much CAN you understand? What have you understood if you end up seeing it from the other fellow's point of view ONLY?

Take the opposite side: the GOOD. The "good" man of yesterday was honest, sober, thrifty, earnest and hard working. The hero we admired was gallant, kindly,

generous, fearless, strong, and his flaws were negligible. Again time and familiarity wreaked havoc. He became utterly clean, had no bad breath or body odor, drank sparingly. This square jawed protector of the helpless and innocent began to perform his tasks mechanically and without style (like J. Bond) while his image was refined, gadgets added, he was gradually honed, bathed, sterilized, sanctified, and bleached into a state of unbelievable purity or incredible efficiency. He had to be replaced. He was.

The Hero Image, don't forget, helps set values. We wanted someone we could believe. Along came the honest hick with the hesitant speech and charming lack of refinement. Strong and straight as a ramrod, or maybe comfortably slouched. The angels protected his innocence much as they protected babes and drunks. But how far can you take this "good guy" who bungled and wrangled a path to victory over the suave, dark, oily villain and our hero marries the rich (always) girl.

Realism was the next answer. It came in with a loud belch. The hero has a few flaws and wears dirty undershirts, scratches himself and is generally inarticulate. This was such a fascinating departure from angelic purity that the hero (if so he was) became simply a psychological study in depravity. "Good" or "bad" become lost in their hard simplicity as stranglers, rapists, child molesters, bad alcoholics go through their paces in movies, plays and books for our "understanding" and pleasure. Helpless women cringe with wild, wide-eyed fear in corners as men drool with omnipotent power. And in order to justify this attack on female weakness we make her a bit unwholesome. There are many cheaper versions, more hack-made than Faulkner's *Sanctuary*.

The favorite explanation that wipes away all thought and emotion in view of an anti-social act is, "He's sick." This relieves everyone except the therapist from action, judgement, understanding or the prevention of repetition. It remains to be seen whether this is an improvement over, "That is an evil act and must be punished." In attempting to "understand" crime or the "bad," the cards slowly became stacked in favor of the criminal. The lawyer proves his client was framed or insane at time of the act. But the act WAS DONE. Or the police were wrong on some point or other. But how about the hundreds of cases of OBVIOUSLY VIOLENT AND VIOLENT CRIMES that were planned and executed. Finally the victim is forgotten and the villain made more interesting than the hero. Lucifer more interesting than Michael. Is it so hard to make a GOOD GUY interesting? Is being GOOD simply NOT doing evil? Is evil or BAD so much more interesting?

But do we need GOOD or BAD as lines of demarcation? Are we more complicated or times more involved than the past? (Read Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*. Ugly brutality always was. Here it is magnificently set forth not in the act but what it involved.) A crime is much more than BAD.

Yesterday's taboo on BAD stopped quite a few borderline would-be criminals. What line or value can we find to make GOOD so much more interesting than BAD. So far we've seem to have made the latter more interesting, like violent crime more thrilling than sports. Well cesspools and morgues may be interesting in some ways (though really necessary) but EVER SO MUCH less interesting than flowers, good food, books, plays, museums, good friends, and you name it. □

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• RUBY, DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE TO TOWN

(As recorded by Ken Rogers & First Edition/Reprise)

MEL TILLIS

You've painted up your lips and rolled and curled your tinted hair
Ruby are you contemplating going out somewhere
The shadows on the wall tells me the sun is going down
Ruby, don't take your love to town.

It wasn't me that started that old crazy Asia war
But I was proud to go and do my patriotic chores
And it's true I'm not the man Ruby that I used to be
But Ruby I still need some company.

It's hard to love a man whose legs are bent and paralyzed
And the wants and the needs of a woman your age Ruby I realize
But it won't be long I've heard them say until I'm not around
Oh, Ruby, don't take your love to town.

She's leaving now cause I just heard the slamming of a door
The way I know I've heard it slam one hundred times before
And if I could move I'd get my gun and put her in the ground
Ruby, don't take your love to town.
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• THE FEELING IS RIGHT

(As recorded by Clarence Carter/Atlantic)

MICKY BUCKINS
GEORGE JACKSON

Every time I'm with you darling
A fever comes over me, oh yeah
And there's a burning deep inside
That just won't let me be, oh no
Now I try to be patient baby
But I just can't stand the pain, oh no
So put away your childish ways
And let the woman in you shine, oh yeah
And let a good thing come between us
girl
Get down with this love of mine
The feeling is right
And the time is right now
Oh the feeling is right
I got to have your love
I said the feeling is right
And the time is right now
Sometimes you make me feel right.

And there's no time like right now darling
While we're alone again
The feeling is right
And the time is right now
I said the feeling is right
I got to have your love
My desires won't wait forever, darling
My will power's growing weak, oh yeah
And I can't fill this need inside
With promises you won't keep, oh no.
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• ABRAHAM, MARTIN & JOHN

(As recorded by Mama Mabley/Mercury)

DICK HOLLER

Has anybody here seen my old friend Abraham
Can you tell me where he's gone
He's freed a lot of people but it seems the good die young
I just looked around and he was gone.

Has anybody here seen my old friend John
Can you tell me, tell me where he's gone
He's freed a lot of people but it seems the good die young
I just looked around and he was gone.

Has anybody here seen my old friend Martin Luther
Can you tell me, tell me where he's gone
He's freed a lot of people but it seems the good die young
I just looked around and he was gone.

Didn't you love the things they stood for
Didn't they try to find some good for you and me
And we'll be free

Some day soon it's gonna be one day.
Has anybody here seen my old friend Bobby
Can you tell me where he's gone
I thought I saw him walkin' up over the hill

with Abraham, Martin and John
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• MUDDY RIVER

(As recorded by Johnny Rivers/
Imperial)

JAMES HENDRICKS

Life is like a mighty river
Rollin' on and on forever
Growing as we go along
Channels deepen, minds become strong
Roll along muddy river roll
Your dirty water cannot taint your soul
Roll along, roll along till you are free in
the peaceful sea.

When life has its uncertainties
There's a place I'd like to be
Waiting for the sun at dawn
Listening to the river's song
(Repeat chorus).

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• DOGGONE RIGHT

(As recorded by Smokey Robinson &
The Miracles/Tamla)

WILLIAM ROBINSON

L. CLEVELAND

MARV TARPLIN

You make me feel just like I'm the luckiest
man to ever live
Cause all the love one man could possibly
get honey you give
In your voice, soft and low there's a little
something

That lets me know

If you took your heart and made it mine
I would be true till the end of time
Oh yeah, doggone right

When I am sad oh you take the time to
be concerned

It makes a man feel so good to know
that his love is being returned

Enie-meenie-minie-mo

Love is a guessing game I know
Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose
But I've got to win cause it's you that
I choose

It's you that I choose

Doggone right, doggone right
oh baby

If you think I'm gonna stay let nobody
take my love away

And your doggone right oh baby.

You brighten up baby each and every day
that I have to face

And if the sunshine don't shine
Your smile is there to take its place

Smooth and warm tender touch

Letting me know that it means so much
To be loved by somebody who is just
as much in love with you

Oh yeah, doggone right

When I am sad oh you take the time to
be concerned

It makes a man feel so good to know that
his love is being returned

Enie-meenie-minie-mo

Love is a guessing game I know

Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose
But I've got to win cause it's you that I
choose

It's you that I choose

Doggone right, doggone right
Said you're doggone right, oh baby

If you think I'm gonna stay

Let nobody take my love away

And your doggone right oh baby.

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Inc.

• IF IT DON'T WORK OUT

(As recorded by Zombies/Date)
ROD ARGENT

When she loved me nothing in the world
could touch her love
And now the light of love is back
Can I return the joys she's dreaming of
I don't know, I don't know
But if it don't work out
The tears that I cried in vain
Won't bring her home
If it don't work out
But if I could forget the tears
And the crying that I went through
once before
Maybe my love and I could start, start
again
If it don't work out.

Will she still care for me the way she
did before
Or will she turn around and tell me she
doesn't love me anymore
(Repeat chorus)
One day I know we'll find again the love
we had
And I will know and feel the joys and
pleasure that I'm dreaming of
(Repeat chorus).

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• SOUL DEEP

(As recorded by The Box Tops/Mala)
WAYNE CARSON THOMPSON

Darlin, I don't know much
But I know I love you so much
My life depends on your touch
And my love is a river running soul
deep

Way down inside me it's soul deep
It's too big to hide and it can't be denied
My love is a river running soul deep.

I work myself to death for you
Just to show I adore you
Nothing I wouldn't do for you
Cause my love is a river running soul
deep

Way down inside me it's soul deep
It's too big to hide and it can't be denied
My love is a river running soul deep.

All I ever, ever hope to be depends on
your love for me
Baby believe me if you should leave me
I'd be nothing but an empty shell
I know darm well, I can tell now.

I don't know much
But I know I love you so much
My life depends on your touch
And my love is a river running soul
deep

Way down inside me it's soul deep
It's too big to hide and it can't be denied
My love is a river running soul deep
My love is a river running soul deep
Way down inside me it's soul deep
My love is a river running soul deep
Way down inside me it's soul deep.

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• CHOICE OF COLORS

(As recorded by the Impressions/
Curtom)

CURTIS MAYFIELD

If you had a choice of colors
Which one would you choose my brothers
If there was no day or night which would
you prefer to be right
How long have you hated your white
teacher
Who told you, you love your black
preacher
Do you respect your brother's woman
friend
And share with black folks not of kin
People must prove to the people
A better day is coming for you and for me
With just a little bit more education
And love for our nation
Would make a better society.

Now some of us would rather cuss and
make a fuss
Than to bring about a little trust
But we shall overcome our beliefs someday
If you'll only listen to what I have to say
And how long have you hated your white
teacher
Who told you, you love your black
preacher
Can you respect your brother's woman
friend
And share with black folks not of kin
I said now people must prove to the
people

A better day is coming for you and for me
With just a little bit more education and
love for our nation
Would make a better society

And if you had a choice of colors
Which one would you choose my brothers
If there was no day or night
Which would you prefer to be right
And if you had a choice of colors
Which one would you choose my brothers
If there was no day or night
Which would you prefer to be right.
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pany.

• HUSH-A-BYE

(As recorded by Jay & The Americans/
United Artists)

DOC POMUS

MORT SHUMAN

Oo oo oo oo oo

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye oh my darling
don't you cry
Guardian angels up above
Take care of the one I love.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye
Oh my darling don't you cry
Guardian angels up above
Take care of the one I love.

Pillows lying on your bed
Oh my darling rest your head
Sandman will be coming soon
Singing you a slumber tune
Lull-a-bye and goodnight

In your dreams I'll hold you tight.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•TELL ALL THE PEOPLE

(As recorded by the Doors/Elektra)
KREIGER

Tell all the people that you see
Follow me, follow me down
Tell all the people that you see
Set them free, follow me down
You tell 'em they don't have to run
We're gonna pick up everyone
Come on take me by my hand
Gonna bury all our troubles in the sand,
oh yeah
Can't you see the wonder at your feet
Your life's complete
Follow me down
Can't you see me growing, get your guns
The time has come to follow me down
Follow me across the sea
Where milky babies seem to be
Molded, flowing revelry
With the one that set them free
Tell all the people that you see
It's just me, follow me down
Tell all the people that you see
Follow me, follow me down
Tell all the people that you see
We'll be free
Follow me down
Tell all the people that you see
It's just me, follow me down
Tell all the people that you see
Follow me, follow me down
Follow me down, you got to follow me
down
Follow me down
Tell all the people that you see
We'll be free
Follow me down.

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•BABY, I LOVE YOU

(As recorded by Andy Kim/Steed)

PHIL SPECTOR
ELLIE GREENWICH
JEFF BARRY

Have I ever told you how good it feels
to hold you?
It isn't easy to explain
And though I'm really trying
I think I may start crying
My heart can't wait another day
When you touch me I've just got to say
Baby, I love you, baby I love you, baby,
I love you
Come on baby, lo lo lo lo lo lo lo
love (lo lo lo lo lo love)
I can't live without you
I love everything about you
I can't help it if I feel this way
Baby I love you, baby I love you, baby,
I love you.

Oh I'm so glad I found you
I want my arms around you
I love to hear you call my name
Tell me baby that you feel the same
Baby, I love you, baby, I love you,
baby, I love you
Come on baby lo lo lo lo lo lo lo
love (lo lo lo lo lo love).
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•THE BALLAD OF JOHN & YOKO

(As recorded by the Beatles/Apple)
JOHN LENNON
PAUL McCARTNEY

Standing in the dock at Southampton
Trying to get to Holland or France
The man in the mac said
You got to go back
You know they didn't even give us a
chance
You know it ain't easy
You know how hard it can be
The way things are going
They're going to crucify me.

Finally made the plane into Paris
Honeymooning down by the Seine
Peter Brown called to say
You can make it OK
You can get married in Gibraltar near
Spain
You know it ain't easy
You know how hard it can be
The way things are going
They're going to crucify me.

Drove from Paris to the Amsterdam Hilton
Talking in our beds for a week
The newspaper said
Say, what are you doing in bed?
I said we're only trying to get us some
peace
You know it ain't easy
You know how hard it can be
The way things are going
They're going to crucify me.

Saving up your money for a rainy day
Giving all your clothes to charity
Last night the wife said
Oh boy when you're dead
You don't take nothing with you but your
soul. Think

Made a lightning trip to Vienna
Eating chocolate cake in a bag
The newspaper said
She's gone to his head
They look just like two gurus in drag
You know it ain't easy
You know how hard it can be
The way things are going
They're going to crucify me.

Caught the early plane back to London
Fifty acorns tied in a sack
The men from the press said
We wish you success
It's good to have the both of you back
You know it ain't easy
You know how hard it can be
The way things are going
They're going to crucify me
The way things are going
They're going to crucify me.

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New York, New York.

•YOU DON'T HAVE TO WALK IN THE RAIN

(As recorded by the Turtles/White
Whale)

THE TURTLES

I look at your face
Is that the face I love
It's been a long time since I've seen you
You've made a lonely place
The kids both send their love
But we still get lonely baby without you
And girl you don't have to walk in the
rain anymore
But baby I don't think you'd be just the
same as before
When you walk through my door you'll
be home
But girl when you walk through my door
you'll be home
But girl you don't have to walk in the
rain
But baby I don't think you'd be just the
same as before
When you walk through my door you'll
be home
When you walk through my door you'll
be home girl.

I was so afraid
I almost turned away
But you know I need somebody to cling
to
I look at your face
I love you anyway
It's been a long time since I've seen you.
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•IT'S GETTING BETTER

(As recorded by Mama Cass/Dunhill)

BARRY MANN
CYNTHIA WEIL

Once I believed that when love came to me
It would come with rockets, bells and
poetry
But with me and you it just started quietly
and grew
And believe it or not
Now there's something groovy and good
'Bout whatever we got
And it's getting better, growing stronger
warm and wilder
Getting better everyday, better everyday.
I don't feel all turned on and starry eyed
I just feel a sweet contentment deep inside
Holding you at night just seems kind of
natural and right
And it's not hard to see
That it isn't half of what it's going to
turn out to be
Cause it's getting better
Growing stronger, warm and wilder
Getting better everyday, better everyday.
And just like a flower that takes time to
bloom

This love of ours is taking time to grow
Ba da da da da da da da da da
And I don't mind waitin', don't mind
waitin'
Cause no matter how long it takes
The two of us know
That it's getting better
Growing stronger, warm and wilder
Getting better everyday, better everyday.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•RECONSIDER ME

(As recorded by Johnny Adams/SSS)

MYRA SMITH

MARGARET LEWIS

Hello baby, yes it's really me
After the wrong I've done
Guess you're surprised to see me here at
your door
Like a sparrow with a broken wing
Who's come back to beg you reconsider me
Oh reconsider me
I can't make it without your love, you see
Just let me and I'll love you eternally
Oh baby reconsider me.

I learned the truth about the so-called good
life
It was just a candle too short to burn
the night
Now the darkness in my heart
I bring to you in plea
Oh light my way again reconsider me
Oh reconsider me
I can't make it without your love, you see
So just let me and I'll love you eternally
Oh baby reconsider me.

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•THE RIB

(As recorded by Jeannie C. Riley/
Plantation)

MYRA SMITH

MARGARET LEWIS

I keep the book at the County Court-
house
And answer phones of every kind coast
to coast
I help keep the astronauts in space with
complicated formulas
And give you echos of my voice in song
I wash your dishes, iron your shirts and
give you children
And never mind a bit except when you
forget
That I am flesh of your flesh
And bone of your bone
And that Adam called me woman
For I am the rib
And not a footbone to be stepped on
Not a legbone to be walked on
Not a hipbone to be set on
Not a backbone to be leaned on
Not a shoulder bone to be cried on
Not a headbone to be relied on
But a rib bone to be side by side
Hand in hand not lesser than or greater
than
But just what heaven planned
Yes mister, I am the rib.

Many fields have I walked
And with my own hands I have planted
vineyards
With the fruits of my labors I have
reached out to the poor
Before the light of day I have risen to
feed my household
And my husband is known in the gates
When he sits among the elders of the land
My price is far above rumbliest
But love, trust and respect and I gladly
share my gifts
And willingly I will work for you
But not for evil
As long as he remembers I am the rib.

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•THAT'S THE WAY

(As recorded by Joe Tex/Dial)

JOE TEX

He's got to hold you
He's got to hold you like he means it
And when he kisses you
Tell him to put some feeling in it
He's got to love you and love you right
So you can start sleepin' at night
Tell him I said that's the way a man is
supposed to make his woman feel
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

He's gotta start comin' home every night
And makin' sure that you're all right
And if you're ever feeling blue
He's got to know just what to do
Tell him I said that's the way a man is
supposed to make his woman feel
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

You know since I've been singing songs
about love
How a woman and man are supposed
to treat each other
I've had several people all across the
country walk up and ask me if I could
help them with their love affairs
Well, I'm no authority on love, and I
never claim to be
This woman that I met at this gas station
in North Carolina the other week keeps

•THE PROPHECY OF DANIEL & JOHN THE DIVINE (SIX SIX SIX)

(As recorded by the Cowsills/MGM)
REMO CAPRA

(Narrate): And when they saw her
rising from the ocean
A name was on her forehead
Babylon the Great, Babylon
Mystery of all men.

Six is the number, six is the number
of a man
(Narrate): And she was arrayed in
purple and scarlet color
And gold and pearls and in her
hand she held a golden cup
It's been written down to reveal
Six is the mark of his seal
It's been written to understand
Six is the number of a man
Six, six, six.

(Narrate): Finally one day she was
cast back into the sea from where
she came
So that she would never torment men
again
It's been written down in revelation
Daniel and John explanation
When you read it yeah
You will find
It's a song of warning for mankind.
Six, six, six.
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coming back to mind
This woman had a problem
She walked up to me with tears in her
eyes and I could see that she was hurt.
She said to me, she said, Mr. Joe, said,
I don't think my man loves me anymore
You know he used to hold me tenderly
and kiss me real good
But, said, now he don't do that no more
Said, he just love me now and if I like it,
it's all right and if I don't that's all
right with him too
She says there are two things I want y'all
to do for me before y'all leave here
tonight
She said I want you to give me your
autograph on this piece of paper and
then tell me something that I could go
home and do or say to my man to
make him treat me a little bit better
I said, "Miss Lady, you go home and tell
your man that I said
(Repeat chorus).

He's got to take you out every now and
then and give you a little money so
you can have some change to spend
And instead of complimenting Mary Lou,
he's got to start complimenting you
Tell him I said that's the way a man is
supposed to make his woman feel.
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•WITHOUT HER

(As recorded by Herb Alpert & The
Tijuana Brass/A&M)

HARRY NILSSON

I spent the night in a chair
Thinking she'll be there
But she never comes
And I wake up and wipe the sleep from
my eyes
And I rise to face another day without
her.

It's just no good anymore
When I walk through the door of an
empty room
And then you go inside and set a table
for one it's no fun
To spend another day without her.

We burst the pretty balloon
It took us to the moon
Such a beautiful thing but it's ended now
and it sounds like a lie
If I say I'd rather die than live without
her

Love is a beautiful thing
When it knows how to swing
And it grooves like a clock but the hands
on the clock tell the lovers to part
And it's breaking my heart
To have to spend another day without
her
Doo doo doo doo doo doo
Can't go on without her
It's all wrong without her
It's all wrong without her.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•THE DAYS OF SAND AND SHOVELS

(As recorded by Bobby Vinton/Epic)

DOYLE MARSH

GEORGE (BUD) RENEAU

When I noticed her the first time
I was outside running barefoot in the rain
She lived in the house nextdoor
Her nose was pressed against the window pane
When I looked at her she smiled and showed a place where two teeth used to be
And I heard her ask her mom if she could come outside and play with me
Soon the days of sand and shovels gave way to the mysteries of life
Then I noticed she was changing and I looked at her through different eyes
We became as one and knew a love without beginning or an end
And everyday I lived with her was like a new day dawning once again.

And I've loved her since every doll was Shirley Temple

Soda pop was still a nickel
Jam was on her fingertips
Milk was circled on her lips
After many years our love grew silent and at night I heard her cry
And when she left me in the fall I knew that it would be our last goodbye
I was man enough to give her everything she needed for a while
And searching for a perfect love I found that I could not give her a child
Now she lives a quiet life and is the mother of a little girl
Everytime I pass her house my thoughts go back into another world
Because I see her little girl
Her nose is pressed against the window pane
She thinks I'm a lonely man who wants to come inside out of the rain
And I've loved her since every doll was Shirley Temple
Soda pop was still a nickel
Jam was on her fingertips
Milk was circled on her lips.

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•WILLIE & LAURA MAE JONES

(As recorded by Dusty Springfield/Atlantic)

TONY JOE WHITE

Willie and Laura Mae Jones
Were our neighbors a long time back
They live right down the road from us
In a shack just like our shack
The people would plan together and we'd learn to count on each other
When you live off the land
You don't have time to think about another man's color
The cotton was high and the corn was growing fine
But that was another place in another time.

Sit out on the front porch
In the evening when the sun went down
Willie would play and the kids would sing
And everybody would mess around
Daddy'd bring out his guitar
And play on through the night
Every now and then ole Willie would grin and say 'hey, you play all right'
Made me feel so good
I remember the best times of all when Saturday came around
We all would stop by Willie's house
And say do y'all need anything in town
He'd say no why don't y'all stop on the way back through
And I'll get Laura Mae yeah, to cook up some barbecue
And you know that's good
The cotton was high
And the corn was growing fine
But that was another place in another time.

The years rolled passed the land and took back what was given
We all knew we had to move if we were going to make a livin'
So we all moved on and went about our separate ways
Sure was hard to say goodbye to Willie and Laura Mae
Oh yeah, the cotton was high and the corn was growing fine
But that was another place in another time
But that was another place in another time.
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•LET'S GET TOGETHER

(As recorded by Little Milton/Chess)

MORRIS DOLLISON

When we were together
I didn't know how to treat you baby
But I can't really blame you for leaving me for someone else
But I heard it through the grapevine
I'm the one you left before
Depending on you and what's so bad about it
He's treating you three times as bad as I used to do
Now I know this is an awful thing to say
But I'm glad he treated me that way
While he's not home, let's get together
While he's gone let's talk it over.

Yes you really hurt me when you walked out of my life
But I don't blame you
I didn't treat you right

But that goes to show you that we all make mistakes sometimes
Cause you jumped right out of the frying pan straight into the fire
I heard you're in the street all night long
Looking for loving
When he's got you at home
But while you're alone let's get together
While he's gone.

Since you been gone I been in a daze
Cause I missed you in so many ways
Now you know I need you
That's why I'm calling
I got to have you back
If I got to do some crawling
While the one you got is out midnight creeping
I'm trying to get you back
I ain't got no time for sleeping
But while he's not home let's get together
While he's gone.

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•THE GIRL I'LL NEVER KNOW (Angels Never Fly This Low)

(As recorded by Frankie Valli/Philips)

L. RUSSELL BROWN

RAYMOND BLOODWORTH

I close my eyes and my memory flies me
Where soft trade winds blow
I'm in the sun, hearing laughter and fun
When she whispers hello
Her touch is still tender just like I remember
When my feelings begin to show
Suddenly I wake up, from the dream I make up
Of the girl I'll never know

In a place I'll never go
Angels never fly this low
She's the girl I'll never know

God knows I've tried, but I'm always denied any love on my mind
And so I chase to my fantasy place like a fool running blind
Then she comes to me her love rushes through me just as she falls in my arms
Suddenly I wake up, from the dream I make up
Of the girl I'll never know
In a place I'll never go
Angels never fly this low
She's the girl I'll never know
Angels don't fly this low
She's the girl I'll never know
Angels don't fly this low
She's the girl I'll never know.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•DON'T TELL YOUR MAMA

(As recorded by Eddie Floyd/Stax)

BOOKER T. JONES
EDDIE FLOYD

Baby oh let me love you
Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me,
let me love you
I'm gonna take you back home with me
And I know you might be afraid
Darling, I wouldn't hurt one pretty little
string of your hair
Now settle down, try to relax
Let me show you how a woman acts
Hear the man, get the feeling that he's got
to have a love affair
Oh don't tell your mama, oh no girl
where you're going
Oh no now, don't tell your mama, mama,
mama, mama where you've been girl
Oh baby please let me love you, let me,
let me, let me, let me love you.

Have you thought how good it could be
Nobody but you and me
I'd like to show you all the things we
can do
I'd like to show you how to kiss my lips
now
I'd like to show you how to shake your
hips now
These are all the things a pretty girl
oughta know how to do.

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•(SITTIN' ON) THE DOCK OF THE BAY

(As recorded by Sergio Mendes & Brazil
'66/A&M)

STEVE CROPPER
OTIS REDDING

Sittin' in the morning sun
I'll be sittin' when the evening comes
Watching the ships roll in
Then I watch 'em roll away again, yeah
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
Watching the tide roll in
Just sittin' on the dock of the bay
wastin' time.

I left my home in Georgia
Headed for the Frisco Bay
I had nothing to live for
Looks like nothing's gonna come my
way
So I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay
Watching the tide roll in
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay wastin'
time.

Looks like nothing's gonna change
Everything still remains the same.
I can't do what ten people tell me to do
So I guess I'll remain the same
Just sittin' here resting my bones
And this loneliness won't leave me alone
This 2,000 miles I roamed just to make
this dock my home
Now I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
Watching the tide roll in
Sittin' on the dock of the bay wastin'
time.

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•I'D RATHER BE AN OLD MAN'S SWEETHEART THAN A YOUNG MAN'S FOOL

(As recorded by Candi Staton/Fame)

CLARENCE CARTER
GEORGE JACKSON
RAYMOND MOORE

You may think I'm silly to love a man
twice my age
But I know from experience girl
Sometimes it pays
The man I got his fire is almost gone
He can't heat up nobody
Cause he's just got enough to keep me
warm
I'd rather be an old man's sweetheart
than a young man's fool.

Good lovin' once a month

Is all an old man desires
You can have a young man
Seven days a week and still he's not
satisfied
An old man would be so grateful
You could just sit and talk
When a young man is somewhere doing
the camel walk
I'd rather be an old man's sweetheart
than a young man's fool.

Most girls prefer a young man
Because a young man is strong
But I'd rather put up with this old man
Than have a young man do me wrong
An old man would be so grateful
You could just let him sit and talk
While a young man is somewhere doing
the camel walk
I'd rather be an old man's sweetheart
than a young man's fool.

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•I'D WAIT A MILLION YEARS

(As recorded by the Grass Roots/
Dunhill)

GARY ZEKLEY
MITCH BOTTLE

All of the lovely nights waiting for you
to come
Longing to hold you tight
I need you so desperately
Waiting for you to come
Bringing your love to me
But I'd wait a million years
Walk a million miles
Cry a million tears
And I'd swim the deepest sea
Climb the highest hill
Just to have you near me.

Cause life is reality
When you are near to me
I am in ecstasy
I'd swallow the pain and pride
Darling I just can't hide
All that I feel inside
I'd walk a million miles
Cry a million tears
And I'd swim the deepest sea
Climb the highest hill
Just to have you near me.

A million years I would wait for you
a million tears
Darling I'll be true a million miles
I would follow you a million years
If you want me to
Pacing the floor, detest
Sweat pouring down my chest
Still I can't love you less
It's worth all the pain and pride
Darling I just can't hide
All that I feel inside
And I'd wait a million years
Walk a million miles
Cry a million tears
And I'd swim the deepest sea
Climb the highest hill
Just to have you near me.

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•ALONG CAME JONES

(As recorded by Ray Stevens/
Monument)

JERRY LIEBER
MIKE STOLLER

I plopped down in my easy chair and
turned on Channel Two
A bad gun-slinger called Salty Sam a-was
a-chasin' po' sweet Sue
He trapped her in the old saw mill
And said with an evil laugh,
"If you don't give me the deed to your
ranch,
I'll saw you all in half."
And then he grabbed her, (and then?)
He tied her up, (and then?)
He turned on the buzz saw.
(And then? And then?) eh, eh.

And then along came Jones
Tall, thin Jones, slow walkin' Jones
Slow talkin' Jones along came lonely,
lanky Jones.

Commercial came on, so I got up, to
get myself a snack
You should have seen what was goin' on
by the time I got back.
Down in the old abandoned mine,
Sweet Sue was a-havin' fits.
That villain said, "Give me the deed to
your ranch,
Or I'll blow you all to bits."
And then he grabbed her, (and then?)
He tied her up, (and then?)
He lit the fuse to the dynamite.
(And then? And then?) eh, eh.
(Repeat chorus)

I got so bugged, I turned it off and turned
on another show
But there was the same old shoot-em-
up and the same old rodeo,
Salty Sam was a-tryin' to stuff Sweet Sue
in a burlap sack
He said, "If you don't give me the deed
to your ranch,
I'm gonna throw you on the railroad
track."
And then he grabbed her, (and then?)
He tied her up, (and then?)
A train started comin'
(And then? And then?) eh, eh.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•GIRL YOU'RE TOO YOUNG

(As recorded by Archie Bell & The Drells/Atlantic)

GAMBLE

BELL

BELL

You're just a baby

Girl you're too young oh yeah

Your mama won't allow it

No she won't now

Girl you're too young

Your pop will shout about it

Yes he will, now.

I know you need someone

Someone to hold your hand

How in the world can I hold your hand when your folks just don't understand

Girl you're too young, oh yeah

Come back later

Girl you're too young, oh yeah

Don't make your people hate us.

You're just a little school girl
Growing up mighty fast
Let's not get started
Cause how long do you think this love can last
Girl you're too young, oh yeah
Your mama won't allow it
No she won't now
Girl you're too young, too young girl
Your pop will shout about it
Yes he will now, oh yeah.

Girl you're too young, you're too young girl
Your mama won't allow it
Yes you are now
Don't you know you're too young baby
Your pop will shout about it
Yes he will, too young baby
Yes their gonna shout about it
You're too young
You're just too young.

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•GOOD MORNING STARSHINE

(From the Musical Production "Hair")

JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI

GALT MacDERMOT

Good morning starshine
The earth says "Hello"
You twinkle above us
We twinkle below
Good morning starshine
You lead us along
My love and me as we sing our early morning singing song
Gliddy glup gloopy
Nibby nabby noopy la la la lo lo
Sabba Sabby sabba
Nooby abba nabba le le lo lo
Tooby ooby walla nooby abba nabba
Early morning singing song.

Good morning starshine
You lead us along
My love and me as we sing our early morning singing song
Gliddy glup gloopy

Nibby nabby noopy la la la lo lo
Sabba Sabby sabba
Nooby abba nabba le le lo lo
Tooby ooby walla nooby abba nabba

Early morning singing song
Singing a song, humming a song
Singing a song, loving a song
Laughing a song,
Sing the song, sing the song, song the

ing
Song, song, song, sing
Sing, sing, sing song.
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•BREAK AWAY

(As recorded by the Beach Boys/
Capitol)

BRIAN WILSON

REGGIE DUNBAR

Time will not wait for me

Time is my destiny

Why change the part of me that has to be free

The love that passed me by

I found no reason why

But now each day is filled with a love

That very same love that passed me by
And that is why
I can break away from that lonely life
And I can do what I wanna do
And take away all that empty life
And the world is new.

When I laid down on my bed
I heard voices in my head
Tellin' me hey now it's only a dream
The more I thought of it
I had been out of it
And here's the answer I found instead
It's in my head
It's in my head
It's in my head.

I can break away to the better life
Where no shackles ever hold me down
I'm gonna make a way for each happy day
As my life turns around.

Do ee do, do ee do, do ee do, do ee do,
do ee do.

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•DON'T WAKE ME UP IN THE MORNING, MICHAEL

(As recorded by Peppermint Rainbow/
Decca)

AL KASHA

Don't wake me up in the morning,
Michael

Not if you're planning to say goodbye
Don't touch my face in the morning,
Michael

I might begin to cry

To see you walk out the door would be more than I could take

I want to hide, please let me hide

As long as I sleep at least I can keep on dreaming that you're by my side

Right by my side

Don't wake me up in the morning, Michael
Unless you want me beyond tonight

Please stay with me in the morning, Michael
And hold me in the light
Your lips are so close to mine but the time is running out and I'm afraid I'm so afraid
I want you to be with me when the sun begins to warm my window shade
Oh, God, I've prayed
Don't wake me up, Michael

Don't wake me up in the morning, Michael
Unless you want me enough to stay
I want you here in the morning, Michael
Please don't go away
Don't wake me up, don't wake me up,
don't wake me up, don't wake me up,
don't wake me up

Don't wake me up in the morning,
Michael

I might begin to cry
Don't wake me up in the morning, Michael
I might begin to cry.

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pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

The Beatles' "Get Back" affected me more than any single record I have heard in ages. . . . It is as fine as the best from their superalbum; it could be the greatest recording of a concise experience of the history of rock available to the human ear. The melody pattern is something like that of "O-Bla-Di O-Bla-Da" but much deeper, a young rocking blues that could certainly teach something to American groups like the insufferably tedious Blood, Sweat & Tears, the ludicrously banal Guess Who, from Canada, and highly-touted but totally unremarkable British groups like Led Zeppelin, Jethro Tull and Ten Years After. . . . such a load of old codswallop, as they say over in England. . . . The Beatles bring us relief in the form of a country blues with the clean feel of sweet soil; it is Paul McCartney's game, and he does one of the outstanding vocals of his career--part singing, part talking, part wailing, all boyish charm--and probably that's Paul, too, playing like vintage Jerry Lee Lewis, but on an electric piano. . . . This invigorating feeling of creating something very new from out of the old resources is precisely what tunes like the Rolling Stones' "Factory Girl" and "Prodigal Son" lack. + Spark. Sweet Loretta Martin is already as immortal as Eleanor Rigby; like Eleanor, disappointed in love, but in a more sophisticated way; Loretta suffers a more bitter defeat, but meeting it grittily, ". . . she gets it while she can..." there's more hope for Loretta than Eleanor; at the end she is still wearing her low-neck sweater, and at least she has some place to get back to. . . . "your mommy's waiting for you. . ." may not be such a joyful prospect, but it's a little more cheerful than having old Father McKenzie sprinkling dirt over you. . . . There's one other word for this record I can't explain: Haunting. . . . sweet ghost of the blues. . . . Although the quality is uneven, I think there are some very high moments in the new, Incredible String Band double-release albums.

Some of them come in Robin Williamson's Crucifixion-Resurrection song, "Job's Tears," (in *Wee Tam*), refreshingly audacious and full of humor; Christ is portrayed as a gambling man of sorts: ". . . when the deal goes down I'll put my crown over in the Old Golden Land. . ." and God is a Mother instead of a Father, for a change. Mike Heron's all -instrumental "Beyond the See" is an eerily martial tune on which the ISB comes through like a rustic Procol Harum, with a down-beat off-beat finale on the recorder-flute. "Puppies" came across to me as rather coy at first; then I happened to think of something--the way members of some young audiences in this country have rudely walked out on ISB concerts several times, evidently finding them cryptic or too dense. . . . I think what Heron is trying to tell here is how he feels about all the impatient "puppies" who have ever walked out on one of his performances. And the Heron reaction is, typically, humble: ". . . music is so much less/than what you are..." he says, seeing their beauty and importance, even as they fail to see his.

Heron has two other equally charming cuts in *Wee Tam*, one a paean to light called "You Get Brighter" which I liked except for some draggy Krishna-Krishna gibberish in the middle--the other, even more successful, "Air" has

this wonderful tribute to the stuff we breathe but seldom consider. . . . you kiss my blood/ and my blood kiss me. . . . A love song about oxygen! Heron's "Log Cabin Home in the Sky" and "Cousin Caterpillar," the latter from *The Big Huge* --are almost like production numbers written for a Broadway show ora 1930's film musical; if you want to, you can envision some insect Busby Berkeley choreographing a couple of choruscute caterpillars with fourteen gorgeous gams apiece. . . . Seems like Mike is determined to try his hand at almost any kind of song, including a simplistic quasi-Wesleyan hymn, "The Greatest Friend". . . . In fact, portions of Wesley's "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," appear else-



where, in the *Big Huge* set, in Williamson's satirical montage, "Mountain of God," which also includes that obnoxious Christopher Robin thing which Our Own Melanie tried to get past us as serious stuff, in her *Born to Be* album. The Christopher Robin sequence by the ISB features some hilariously apt, wrung-out organ pedaling.

Another favorite of mine is Robin's "Lordly Nightshade" which somehow reminded one of a combination of John Lennon and Evelyn Waugh--all full of grotesque and shivery images, quirky symbolism. Williamson tries another long philosophical-religious parable with "Maya"--not nearly as successful as "Job's Tears" partly because it tries to be too comprehensive; but has some nice, if not original, images--he shows the earth as a vessel, with its huge ill assortment of boat-mates, including himself, ("The Archer"), and concludes: "troubled voyage/in calm weather. . ." Yeah! And there are some great lines about "the sun in sexual splendor" that are almost Chaucerian.

I was very excited by both sets, and all I can say is that I've felt like playing *Wee Tam* and *The Big Huge* more than any of my other albums lately, with the possible exception of Dylan's *Nashville Skyline* (which has some surprising points of intersection--for instance, compare the title song to *Log Cabin Home in The Sky*). The Incredible String Band may not be setting the world on fire--that is, they do nothing crude, screeching or violent; if *Cheap Thrills* is your favorite album in the whole world well, then, you will hate them. But I think the ISB are more than living up to the promise of their earlier album: this fan is satisfied. . . . As the song says, Robin and Mike, "You Get Brighter Every Day." □

We sat on the bank of the Charles River, across from Harvard and M.I.T. The sculling teams would float by, preceded by motorboat coaches yelling "Pull!" Students passed us and waved while Jesse and I talked about the history of The Youngbloods.

Changes For The YOUNGBLOODS

HP: Must be a lot of smart people in these parts with so many colleges.

Jesse: Yeah, the student population is probably around 100,000.

HP: Does that make for a good audience?

Jesse: I find Boston student audiences a bit too conscious of their intellect. They're heavy on the scrutinizing and not as heavy as they should be on having fun. I'm not used to being scrutinized, it puts me up tight. It takes us two sets to get the people where we know they should have been the first set.

HP: Where do you like to play best?

Jesse: Outside. Even though the sound can't be as good, the vibes are so good that it gets people past a lot of the funny stuff they have to go through. When we do well and we come off, everybody's smiling. It's easier to get that kind of thing on outside.

HP: Can you run down your professional history to me? From the first time you ran away from home with a guitar. I understand that your background is pretty far from where you are now.

Jesse: I was born in New York City, raised on Long Island. I played piano when I was a kid. I always liked music, always sang a lot, glee club, that kind of stuff. My folks moved to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where the schools weren't so hot so I went away to prep school, Andover Academy. I had my first rock and roll band up there. It was kind of lonely, we were cut off from chicks for three months at a time and I could never get it on with chicks from local prep schools at all. So I started playing guitar, there was this guy who offered guitar lessons at some exorbitant price. My dad was out of a job at the time and I was up there on scholarship.

HP: Were your parents at all musical?

Jesse: Yeah, both of them played. Daddy was a real good classical piano player but never entertained any serious professional notions. My mother is a violin picker. Until I was about twelve, my father would come home from work and play piano to satisfy his mind. Now that I'm older I realize what was going on. He taught me all the Harvard fight songs and things like that. I think my first gig was singing for a Harvard reunion. All those songs about how they were going to kick Yale in the rear and Boola Boola and everything.

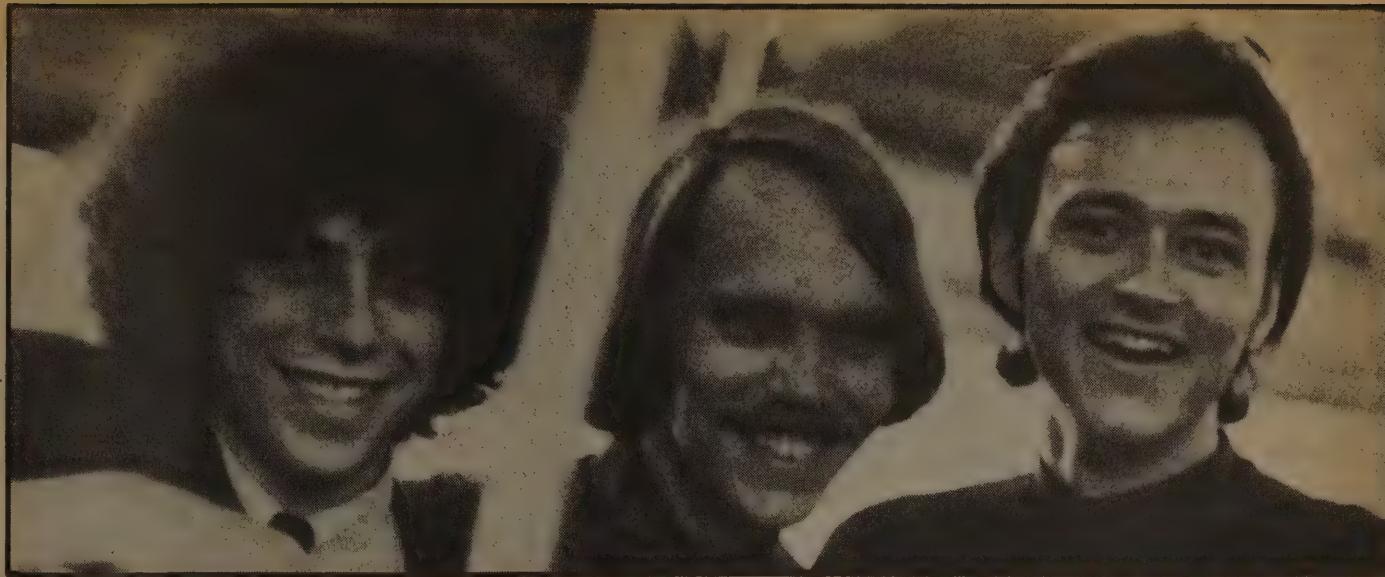
HP: What kind of stuff did you play at Andover Academy in your first band?

Jesse: Started out doing religious country music. They put me in with a fellow who had eyes to be an evangelist. My roommate. So I got saved and became a born-again Christian. We really loved the Everly Brothers at the time. We learned guitar together so we worked some country hymns up and played for youth groups. I was crazy for music, I used to dance a lot, a big time dancer. Learning how to play was really a realization of a fantasy for me. To be the guy that made the music. You know, the music has the magic and the magic's in me and all that. (laugh). That's just how it was, really nice memory. The year after that I had a band together and the night before the first concert I was kicked out of school.

HP: Early delinquency. Hmmm, very interesting. What'd you do?

Jesse: Uh, I'd been on probation all along. I'd been a bad boy. The night before the concert I was practicing guitar. Seniors are supposed to study from 8 to 10 but they don't care since we were doing well scholastically. But being on probation, I was supposed to observe the rules. Fifteen minutes before we were allowed free time, the housemaster caught me playing guitar. He was one of these "by the book" guys and he made a whole tearful scene about how he was going to have to turn me in.





So I went home, finished high school in Pennsylvania. I decided I'd go to Ohio State; my parents were disappointed. They'd hoped I'd come up here to New England and go to Harvard like my dad.

HP: How long did you last at Ohio State?

Jesse: I was in a quarter, out a quarter, in a quarter, out...After my first quarter I did my great Jack Kerouac on the road bit. Roamed around with a knapsack and hitchhiked to Florida. I got as far as Ft. Lauderdale.

HP: What was in Ft. Lauderdale?

Jesse: Nothin'. I slept in missions so I could learn about life. It was kinda fun. I had a motorcycle down there cause I wasn't allowed to have one at home. Finally I got a job as a desk clerk at a hotel and got thoroughly bored. I came home and went back to Ohio State. I got a three piece band together and we played fraternity functions and things. I came home for the summer and when I was about 18 I discovered T-Bone Walker. Besides Chuck Berry and Fats Domino I didn't know the blues existed. I'd heard black music on the radio but it was up-she-doodle-bop on the Harlem stations. T-Bone Walker blew my mind. Stormy Monday Blues was on that album and I really fell in love with that. When I went back to Ohio State I went to the Dean and told him "They call it stormy Monday, but Tuesday's just as bad, Dean, I gotta leave school." He looked at me real funny. But I meant it, I was serious. It was the biggest truth that I'd found. I never heard anyone put anything that way. It smacked me on the head.

So I studied the blues all summer. I got my father to subsidize me, I told him I wanted to study folk music. I got a John Lee Hooker record, a Muddy Waters record, the first Joan Baez record, a Weavers record, Lightnin' Hopkins..

HP: You taught yourself off the records?

Jesse: Uh-huh, yeah.

HP: Had you found any people you could share that with?

Jesse: No, nobody. I was in Pennsylvania and everyone else was into the Kingston Trio. Guys with "barf" written on their sweatshirts, those were my friends. They weren't on the same trip so I, uh, whad' I do? Oh, I got a job as a Fuller Brush man in the dead of winter that lasted three weeks. It was a pretty traumatic experience. Then I got a job in a factory, all in the process of learning about life. Half the guys in the factory had fingers missing. It was one of these old factories; no union, the gears and chains were all exposed and I was really paranoid for my fingers. I worked there for nine months and always moved very slowly. It was the only job I could get. It was my first contact with the factory type people, mainly boring. I'd play guitar at parties and stuff. My friends gave me a lot of encouragement. They liked it a lot. I got so tired of working in a factory and I didn't know what to do. In the up-bringing that I came from, I couldn't really consider, even at 19, that I could become a professional musician and not return to college. I wasn't sure I could make a living that way. So I went back to school to N.Y.U. in Greenwich Village, I thought I'd get into some music

down there and I kinda did. I went there for a year. But I played much more than I studied. The courses really bored me to tears and I got so happy with my music at the same time that the choice was clear.

So I got a house out in the country, my first house, in Point Pleasant, Pennsylvania. That's when I began to meet a whole bunch of guys from Bucks County that weren't from the suburban area I came from. I met Mike Hurley, he's a guitar player, singer, songwriter. He's here now. He's got a show on MIT station. I was learning, imitating other people, but Mike had his own thing. Robin Remaile was there, he's the cat that played fiddle with us last night. He wrote *Euphoria* and *Four In The Morning*. He's up here now and they're thinking of getting a band together and making a record and I'm hoping I'll have enough money to produce them. I love their music, it's really good stuff and it should be on a record.

Anyway, when I met them we spent a whole summer just playing. After that I decided I'd go to New York and start some kind of professional career.

HP: Did you hang out in the Village with the basket house gang?

Jesse: No, I stayed out of the Village. I was very aware that I was easily influenced and I really wanted to get a thing of my own together. I'd imitated the old masters and I wanted to evolve something of my own out of it. While that whole thing was going on with Fred Neil and Dino and the rest over at the Cock 'n' Bull, which turned into the Bitter End, I never went over there. I heard John Lee

Hooker at Gerde's once and saw Dylan. I thought Dylan was pretty strange. I had the stage up-tights. It was really hard for me to be on stage. It took me a long, long time to learn to relax on a stage. I just don't play well unless I'm relaxed.

Then I met Bobby Scott. A friend of mine sent me up to him, he was producing Bobby Darin. I came in and played a couple of songs for him and he said let's make an album. We made that Capitol album, just me and guitar, in four hours. When I first went into the studio, Roger McGuinn was there, he was playing with Bobby Darin at the time. I sat down and played all the songs that I knew and all the songs I'd written like *Black Eyed Susie* and those songs. Scotty gave it to Darin, Darin liked it and because he was with Capitol, he called them up and they said they'd take it. It took nine months to come out. I tried to keep myself together playing basket houses in the Village, working a straight job now and then. When the album came out I went to work on the fabulous folk circuit.

HP: When you were playing in the Village was there much interaction between the musicians at the time? That must have been when most everyone else was woodshedding, too.

Jesse: Well, Richie Havens was around. A beautiful cat which I'd like to find again and maybe make a record with someday was Sonny Moore. He used to play at the Gas light all the time. Big tall black cat with a real deep voice. I guess my first gig was up here (Boston). I came up and played the Club 47, right after the record came out. I played with Mississippi John Hurt. That really turned my mind around,

I really fell in love with him. I met John through--well I played with this group called the Knoblick Upper Ten Thousand which was Eric Jacobsen, Peter Childs and Duane Story. I was playing second act to them in Washington. I saw them again when I came back to New York. Peter and John (Bauer) were living together and I was doing a second album, called *Youngblood*, on Mercury so I got Peter to play on it. We had Johnny who played harp, a bass player, and a drummer who has since died, O.C. Johnson. I was kind of getting a yen for sidemen and it didn't work out so well for me, I guess I didn't know enough about it. So that's when I started thinking about a band.

HP: Is that a hard transition? From playing by yourself and playing with sidemen? I guess I always assumed it was a natural evolution or something. What does that take?

Jesse: Whatever it is that it takes to get on with people: a lot of flexibility and really good time. See, everybody's time is different. Like the way people see colors. Some guys like to lag it and some guys play on top of it. Some cats play right on it. Tim Hardin's got that gritty straight time and Tom Rush...Like you each put out little feelers, and they lock in the middle somewhere, and you define your concepts and they work together. It's hard at the beginning. I had been into playing by myself so much and I had it really together. The next thing after having it really together is the playing with other people trip. Also, I was hearing more things than I could play.

About that time I came up here to Boston and I met Jerry Corbett. He was a folk picker up here, he played ragtime, beautiful stuff. We really dug each other right off the bat. He went up to Winnipeg with me once when he wasn't doing anything else and played guitar and harp for me. Then, we hadn't seen each other for about six months and were both thinking heavy about a band. It was '64, first time I went out to the West coast and I really fell in love with it. I came back to N.Y. played Carnegie Hall, The New York Folk Festival, and got to see Johnny Cash up close.

HP: Did you get a chance to rap with him?

Jesse: He looked too much like a star and I felt too much like a little guy. He was really something. I'd only met a few others up close, Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis, but they were my real boyhood



heros and it's really fun to see them up close and go up to them and shake their hands and say 'love you, love you.' I can dig where people are really at about stars. Johnny Cash has that star thing, even backstage he looked like a star. Whatever that star thing is, boy, he's got it. So does Chuck Berry. In the first year of The Youngbloods we played backup band for him.

HP: When you first saw Dylan at Gerdes, didn't he look like that too? He was always pretty arrogant as I remember...

Jesse: Mmmmmmm -- no. He didn't have any of that same polished big tall handsome thing going that Johnny Cash does.

Johnny Cash and Chuck Berry are really tall, really regal looking men. Dylan, I just couldn't...I mean I thought he was really strange. I liked him but I couldn't get right up next to him. I hadn't heard anything that I thought was really far out. He didn't do any of his own things then. He was singing Buffalo Gals and stuff like that, traditional material and I didn't think he did it especially well. In the beginning I was sort of turned off by his grunting and moanin'. Specially when he started writing all those beautiful songs, I wanted to hear him sing. Y'know? I've always been on a singer trip, I love good singers.

HP: When you sing are you using your higher register or is that your regular range?

Jesse: Wow, is it that high? Yeah, well I guess it's pretty high. (laugh) Gale Garnett told me that if I sang any higher I'd get a nosebleed! It's a good bluegrass tenor range.

HP: Is that the type of stuff you were into at the time? I kind of thought you would have been into a lot of ragtime, judging from the albums.

Jesse: No, I never got into ragtime till I met Jerry Corbett. I was never

even aware of it. What's on that first Capitol album is pretty representative of what I was into at the time. *Black Eyed Susie* and *Rye Whiskey* and things like that, and at the same time I was into Lightnin' Hopkins kind of blues and then the beginning of my own music, the bastardization of songs that came somewhere in between.

Anyway, 'bout June, '64 I came back up here and that's when Jerry and I started the band. We started out as a trio. Joe Bauer was the third member. We bought ourselves a couple of pick-ups for our acoustic guitars. We got one amplifier and we both played through it. It didn't sound too good. We figured there must be something else. So Jerry got an electric guitar. I kept playing my acoustic. Joe used to get up after every song and sit in the audience because it used to take us about 10 minutes to tune. Then Bananna came down one night to hear us. We were playing very soft folk rock. By then we had four. Me, Jerry, Joe and a guy on bass.

HP: Folk Rock? Where had you heard that word? Had the Byrds broken yet?

Jesse: Yeah, I met them on the street in L.A. I'd never seen such a bunch of long haired guys before. They all had shoulder length hair!

HP: Did the band pretty much stay in Boston?

Jesse: No, we started on the good old folk circuit again, to the audiences I'd developed. That Fall Jerry said "Well, I think we need a piano player." And that was Bananna. That was the five man Youngbloods. We only appeared like that for about two months. Then we let our bass player go, and I decided to play bass. We couldn't find a good bass player. We auditioned Harvey Brooks. He didn't want to join us. He liked the music and everything but he didn't want to join cause he was making a lot of money in the studio and everything. We auditioned Felix Pappalardi, but he didn't want to join either. We were really up against the wall and I decided to play bass. I had 3 days to learn enough for one set. In January '65 we opened at the Gaslight. That was the beginning of the four man Youngbloods right there.

We played for another year as the four man band then we signed with RCA. Played the Cafe Au Go Go all one Spring and Summer with the Blues Project. Got to play there with Muddy Waters and Bo Diddley and Butterfield.

HP: Was there a lot of music swapping going on between the bands?

Jesse: Well, we were into our own thing, kind of rigid and studying it. It was fun to play with the big guys who could really get it on and had it together. But mostly we rehearsed our own stuff.

HP: How old is the band, The Youngbloods?

Jesse: Counting from when me and Jerry first teamed up we'll be four years old in June.

HP: That first record on RCA sounds like a really good time.

Jesse: Yes it was. That whole Spring and Summer of '66 was the best time for the band. We were just getting a hold of it. We all had very exacting standards and taste and when we couldn't play well we didn't like ourselves. All the tunes we had from that time were put on that first album which was made in August and September of '66. Then we started on the damn rock and roll trip. We didn't go over too big, we really never made it. But we started off with a N.Y. manager, RCA and William Morris and we thought we had the world by the tail. Released our record and went on a promo tour all over the country, had parties and shook a lot of hands. Playing for a lot of 40 year old businessmen who sold records, hassling about whether we should wear suits or not, taking our clothes to the cleaners all the time and getting our hair cut. At the beginning of that whole thing the seeds were sown for the end of the four man band. It created a lot of tensions and anxieties. Oh, that first album cover was such a drag. We tried to stop it and our manager told us we couldn't set up that kind of bad vibes at RCA, it would hurt us. But we hated it and we couldn't really take pride in our first album. We liked the music but every time we looked at the album cover, we felt like we couldn't give it to our friends without apologizing for the cover. We had to deal with all the superficial stuff as if what we said and how we posed would make a difference as to whether we made it or not. It was bad enough to get us off the track with the music.

HP: How did you get back to it?

Jesse: Well, we always knew what it was all about. I used to be a lot more sullen. Defensive on stage and all. I dunno, when I was playing folk music and I would look at

people and they would yawn in my face it would blow my mind. I was really trying hard. So I got into singing with my eyes closed a lot.

HP: When did you make the second album on RCA?

Jesse: That Spring. We were all trying hard to take the thing that we had learned at the GoGo and move it elsewhere because we were so confident. We did a thing in the park and it was a disaster. We didn't know what it was like to play in a big place outside where you can't hear one another. These big places are another idiom altogether. Discotheques and College concerts and all. It was different, it wasn't our place. It was harder to just relax and play and try to get it going with the people. The second album was kind of a rush job.

But we had gone to California, San Francisco in the Spring of '67. We played the Avalon Ballroom and began to get turned on to a whole different scene. We grew mustaches, started playing in our dungarees. It was California, a whole different scene. The managers and agents couldn't believe it. That was right after the second album. We weren't getting along with Felix Pappalardi at all. So we went back and finished it, producing ourselves. But it wasn't so good either, it was the first time we were turned loose in the studio and we didn't know which end was up and there was nobody to help us. We finished it up and moved to California.

The dissolution of the four man band had begun. Jerry and I had developed differences, we didn't like that second album and whenever we played we couldn't get any joy going. And that's what it's all about. In December '67 we started what ended up being this last album, *Elephant Mountain*.

HP: You skipped the Summer of '67, the San Francisco Summer of Love. How closely were you involved with that scene? It seems to me you made the record that was kind of the hippie Anthem.

Jesse: Yeah, that was the Get Together Summer. In June I turned on the radio and there was Get Together coming out on the air. On an AM station! So we finally talked RCA into letting us release it as a single and there we were in San Francisco. And that sort of established us. That kind of set us up there so we could play the Avalon and pack it as a headline act.

It was about April '68 when Jerry left. We started all over again as a trio. It's been just about a year we've been together as a trio again. That hole that Jerry left brought the three of us together because there wasn't any other way. We had a beautiful summer and for the first time in two years we started to get standing ovations, 10,000 people on their feet singing *Lets Get Together* and it was really beautiful.

After we finished *Elephant Mountain* we toured both coasts and really came off well as a trio, even better than the four man thing had ever happened..

HP: Was it hard to keep a band that wasn't making it together for 3 years and 9 months?

Jesse: Well, we always worked enough and we made pretty fair money. Then when the *Get Together* thing happened, the next thing we released was *Grizley Bear* and that got up to number 40 on the charts. So that was good, we worked off of that for about a year and a half. We always seemed just to make enough money to live, except for one or two months at a time. See if you're not working and your band gets restless, your head gets crazy. But if you're working enough the music pulls you through. You're moving towards something, always trying something new, learning how to play one kind of a place or another, getting a new sound system, how to play a gymnasium and make it warm—all these things that you have to learn.

What it is now, the good-time thing is really real, not just a sound. It was real in the beginning of the band and then it wasn't real for a long time and now it is again. We play to make ourselves happy and to make the people happy. To make them feel. The band is now where I've been trying to get to as a person. I've grown up a lot in the last four years. I used to feel that it always came out on the tragic side. That was life. There's so much of it, it just overwhelmed me when I was in New York. The great balance of life was the sad and the tragic and the empty and the hollow. I've taken the band and the band has taken me all the way to this place where I'm at now where we're living out in the country in California.

HP: Is there really such a place as *Elephant Mountain*?

Jesse: Yes, it's where we live. The painting on the album cover is what it looks like from Rick, our sound man's house. Without that wall. □

ellen sander

With apologies to our readers and the author, we print the correct version of the following article which ran in slightly different form in the August issue.

A BEATLE BOOKSHELF

The Beatles: The Authorized Biography, by Hunter Davies, illus. McGraw-Hill \$6.95.

The Beatles: Words Without Music, compiled by Rick Friedman, Grosset & Dunlap; \$1.00

The Beatles Book, edited by Edward E. Davis. A Cowles Book; \$5.95

The Beatles: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow, by Anthony Scaduto, A Signet Book; .75

The Beatles: The Real Story, by Julius Fast, Putnam. \$5.95

On my desk before me are five books, three hardcovered and a couple of paperbacked volumes of the Beatles. Together, in sheer volume, I imagine they represent about one-tenth of all the copy ever written about Messrs. John, Paul, George and Ringo, and, in sheer range, they touch on, if not fully penetrate, almost every aspect of the Beatles that has ever been discussed in print, from the ridiculous to the sublime. (It is the Beatles, after all, who taught us that they are one and the same.)

I've read them all, though much of the contents of several of the books

had been published elsewhere and I would read five more Beatle books next month were they to come rolling off the press. One reads them not so much to come to a better understanding of the Beatles (for that we have the records) but to fascinate ourselves with the preoccupation the Beatles have become, and the cross section of critical stances from which the various authors prepare their dissertations, dissections, analogies, analyses and commentary. One need only to listen to the latest Beatle album *qua* Beatle Album (*The Beatles*) to learn just how The Beatles themselves have seen it all go down and read about it later.

The first, and most auspicious of the Beatlebooks is Hunter Davies' *Authorized Biography*, an authoritative and precise volume of chronology and detail and accuracy, the biographical truth. We learn of the Beatles' separate childhoods, their adolescent trysts with music, showbiz, girls, each other and the vital and incidental people that have influenced them. All of this figures into their music and their influence on the global cultural

community they in fact created. As such, Davies is a chronicler, not a critic and his book is a stolid assemblage of vital factors and figures with little color, less evaluation (other than the oftstated obvious) and hardly any comment at all, other than an implicit one. "The Authorized Biography," is then, a roadmap through the maze of myth.

It is not a particularly well-reading book, it's rather like a textbook. Davies is very, very British and very, very much the journalist. His words have a dry picked-over quality and regardless of how much accuracy is denoted, he fails to give any color or motion to the "story."

The effect of this minimal style documentary, however, reveals its intention. It humanizes the Beatles, it places them in a very context of life-characters, talented, experienced, accomplished beyond reasonable measure but steadfastly real flesh-and-blood people, by far more ordinary than a dime-store novel character. But, in terms of reading matter, I find this Beatlebook

lacking in the excitement which belongs to it and the energetic frivolity which characterizes the Beatles. On pure literary terms, it is a respectable, but only an adequate work.

Many critics have dismissed *The Beatles: The Real Story* by Julius Fast as a patchwork of clips and quips and I'm about to do the same thing. As a writer, this one makes me indignant. It's unbearable for its irresponsibility (journalistically and historically) and does nothing but add to a heap of spurious verbiage sloshed all over the pages of various periodicals for the self-aggrandizement of the original and, in Fast's case, secondary, author. Fast only collected and assembled bits and pieces of print on the Beatles, he rarely improves, evaluates or even weighs one borrowed insight against another. He emerges the master of the conjunctive clause and quickie research flackery. Fast is a writer of deserved disrepute who had no more feeling for his subject matter than an indifferent and mildly competent mechanic has for machinery. "The Real Story" is to the Beatles as that horrific Eyes of Blue version of "Yesterday" is to the original--derivative, tasteless, showing neither humility nor understanding and least of all affection or recognition of the Beatles. By all means, miss "The Real Story." Save your \$5.95 and buy an album.

It's not just Fast's technique that I object to, it's his indifference. Reading his book, it's well apparent that it was not even a labor of identification, much less love. I am not of that school of pop journalism which insists on blatant adoration of the Beatles, or anyone else for that matter. Intelligent criticism inevitably has points well taken. But Fast does not even peer into the Beatles, he merely looks at them and shrugs his shoulders, skimming glibly over heresy. I humbly suggest he should be made to wear earphones.

Anthony Scaduto, in a paperback, *The Beatles, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, engages in roughly the same journalistic technique as does Fast, but Scaduto's book is immensely more likable. Ignore the gauche blurb on the cover which reads "sex, drugs, music, meditation...what else?" Chalk that up to the publisher's idea of a supermarket eye catcher. Open the book and inside is a light-textured seat through Beatle country with a little of this and a bit of that, a touch of well stated, if not terribly perceptive insight. In its unpretentious way, it's one of the best Beatle books, — interesting, well-

written and pleasantly concerned with his subject. I would guess that Scaduto had a good time with the book.

It says nothing that hasn't been examined before, but stacks it up nicely, defers to a style of easy companionable reading. It can be read at one or two sittings and I rather think it would be accessible to even a most casual cultural cruiser.

That last comment is significant, considering from whence I write. A contemporary pop writer, such as myself, naturally lacks a certain distance from books written about things with which one has a thorough working knowledge. I myself am steeped in the literature and lore of pop that I either read and/or write as a central part of my life and livelihood. Which simply means that I do what I like, and I like what I do, and by now I am moderately enlightened and sufficiently stimulated by my subject matter to evaluate it on a first hand basis. Nobody need explain the Beatles to me and there is no Beatle document that I can agree or disagree with in purely objective terms. I can only judge the integrity of the material against its explicit or implied purpose or intention, and against my own literary standards.

It is in that light that I appreciate the presentation of pix, fax and quotes gathered by Rick Friedman in a slim paperback titled *The Beatles: Words Without Music*. It's a home movie approach to graphics on The Beatles, a running verbal and pictorial commentary with neither direction nor point. It simply, tastefully and effectively showcases various fragments of the Beatles' magical mystery romp through the conventions of the late twentieth century, assimilating the changes both institutions have been put through in the process. It's extremely well organized, thoughtful, resourceful and honorably documented. It's also a lot of fun.

Most likely you've heard all of it before--wise cracks from news conferences--anecdotes, beatlemania shrapnel and all, but it's fun to have it all together, sort of like a family album. It's the funniest of the Beatlebooks, full of the games and good humor the fab four have interjected into everything they've touched upon.

A more serious entry, *The Beatles Book*, edited by Edward E. Davis is one of the more substantial additions to my library. It contains 14 previously published essays on The Beatles by prominent persons in all fields of endeavor, from Richard Goldstein to Timothy Leary, to William F. Buckley and on. And as you might expect, the content of each essay is

expansive and diverse. The commentary ranges from scholarly, purely musical dissertations to conceptual criticism to psychoanalysis and social perspectives. Each angle is intelligently explored, penetrating the Beatles for whatever each writer finds their significance to be. The chapters contradict each other on vital points, one being the relative merits of *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

The editor has selected wisely without prejudice and with an eye to an open discussion. It's worth a thorough reading, and, while not a particularly easy-going book (style and perspective shift vastly from chapter to chapter) it's the most rewarding in terms of critical thinking. It encourages a real dialogue about the Beatles and I found much food for many happy hours of thought. I recommend it heartily.

As I mentioned earlier, what delights me most is that books are being written on the Beatles. If such a thing is comprehensible, the impact of the Beatles is being extended in breadth and depth ranging far beyond hysterical statements that are, by coincidence and uniqueness, true by accident. Which is not to suggest that the Beatles have suffered from any lack of attention, but the interests and thoughts of various authors and editors that wrote and compiled this mini-library of Beatlelore is a healthy thing. It embodies an embrace of simple, healthy human values, an assessment of a loneliness characteristic of our times, the need for and creative use of frothing wit and humor, the lesson of devoted involvement and companionship, an unmasking of puritanical social mores, a new high flying adventurousness in literary, musical and life styles and a whole wheel-of-fortune attitude toward life. The Beatles, above all their uncertain moments and constant searching, are close friends, four young men who have conquered the world with romanticism. Four formidable but fallible people who, by claiming to speak only for themselves, spoke with beauty and clarity and, by extension, spoke for an entire generation they inspired. With the publication of these five books, that generation includes all manner of individuals whose life consists of public self-expression in song or print or visual art. There is no epigram to tie the Beatles neatly away and tuck them into a comfortable corner of the twentieth century; by having evolved into a unique social phenomena, popular, celebrated and discussed they have passed into the realm of the universal: the exception that defines a ruling sentiment.

I daresay I love them profoundly. And that's precisely the point. □ellen sander

Looking like two exiled cricketers from a Pakistani test match, the two virgins, clad in customary white, flew into London last week from their marathon lie-in of a press conference at Amsterdam Hilton.

The clutch of Fleet Street national men sat on a bench in the Heathrow press room, looking very bored, until Apple publicist Derek Taylor announced that the newlyweds would be arriving shortly.

Half an hour later, a solitary police-woman marched in, followed by a bevy of photographers who walked backwards so as not to miss a second's snapping time. John and Yoko entered, smiling and obviously delighted to be back.

They walked straight over to two chairs in the middle of the room, and were immediately lost in a melee that would have brought credit to the London Welsh pack. The cameras clicked away merrily, John and Yoko (who is not, repeat Not, ugly) kissed once, twice and once again for the photographers.

"Couldn't you find a white belt?" asked a German lady of John, whose brown belt was the only non-white item of clothing.

"I'm not looking for one," John replied sharply. For some strange reason I was surprised to hear his still broad Liverpudlian tones.

"Is that belt leather?" asked the same woman.

"Yes, but you've got it all wrong," John told her. "I'm not a vegetarian, I eat microbiotic food."

"Where will you and Yoko live?" continued you know who. John was getting a trifle annoyed.

"In England, where the hell do you think we'll live? It's easier to live in the country in which you were born. You can speak the same language for a start."

A male voice from the back of the room asked John if he and his wife were tired after lying in bed for seven days.

"Mentally we are both still very alert," he answered. "But physically we are exhausted. In fact, we're going to bed for a week to recover." It was nice to see the Lennon wit had not been dulled from laying on a pillow too long.

At this point, Derek Taylor handed a bundle of envelopes to John and Yoko, who was sitting quietly holding her husband's hand.

"These," John started, opening one of the envelopes, "are our next move for peace." The camera merchants pricked up their lenses and moved in closer. John took two acorns from the envelope and held them together.

"Yoko and I plan to send one of these envelopes containing two acorns to the head of state of every country in the

JOHN LENNON'S Seeds For Peace

world. We want them to plant them for peace."

"And if they want us to," added Yoko, in a soft purr, "we would go to the countries and plant them ourselves."

The audience was silent. We didn't really know whether to laugh or take them seriously. We chose the latter.

"How can we help," asked a much-loved lady of Fleet Street.

"What we need are the addresses of the various big heads," John answered, allowing himself a slight smile at his own pun.

"Will they go fourpenny or fivepenny post?" someone shouted.

"Airmail," John shouted back. "Peace can't wait. I think it would be the most positive move for peace yet. It would be much better than all that phony smiling and shaking hands you see in the papers."

You've got to admit that John and Yoko have a point. While the world leaders are out sowing the wild oats in the back garden, they can't be pressing lethal buttons. Who knows, maybe even greater things from little acorns could grow.

One fellow, with a little more courage than the rest, wanted to know if the Amsterdam affair was not just a big put on. Yoko looked indignant, and dug hubbie in the ribs, not that John needed any prompting.

"We are not laughing at you any more than you're laughing at us. It was just our protest against violence. Everybody has their bags, and this is ours.

"The way we look at it is this. In Paris, the Vietnam peace talks have got about as far as sorting out the shape of the table they are going to sit around.

"Those talks have been going on for months. In one week of our honeymoon, we achieved a lot more. What? A little old lady from Wigan or Hull wrote to the Daily Mirror asking if they could put Yoko and myself on the front page more often.

"She said she hadn't laughed so much for ages. That's great, that's what we wanted. I mean, it's a funny world when two people going to bed on their honeymoon can make the front pages in all the papers for a week."

Once again, J.L. hit the proverbial

nail smack on the head, and I can't speak for the others, but made me feel two inches high.

"Can you sign this," spoke the German lady, thrusting a notepad towards John and Yoko. John took the pad without looking at the woman and signed it for her.

"Everything we do now is for peace," whispered Yoko. "It is so important to us."

"But don't you think people are laughing at you?" replied one journalist.

"I wouldn't mind dying as the world's clown," John retorted. "I'm not looking for epitaphs."

After Amsterdam John and Yoko went to Austria, for the world premiere of "No. 6," the couple's TV film. The film, which has won very high praise, deals with a girl who develops into a star.

She becomes hounded by the press, and the dream of seeing her picture in the paper becomes a nightmare. The dialogue is in German and Italian, but as John says, there is no need for subtitles.

"It doesn't matter about the language," he said. "The film is self-explanatory."

Asked if "No. 6" was a condemnation of the press, John replied "No, just a reflection. It happens and you learn to accept it. If I felt that way about the press, I wouldn't have invited them to our hotel in Amsterdam."

The German lady had now been quiet for almost ten minutes, but it was too good to last. "You have not signed it peace," she moaned, handing the pad back to John, who scribbled the word on it and gave it back, again without looking at her.

"And you can tell Donald Zec we've finished with turning the other cheek," John suddenly said, to no one in particular.

Donald Zec, a noted "Daily Mirror" journalist, gave John and Yoko a bit of a hammering after interviewing them in Amsterdam.

"A film was being made in the room," John continued, "which will show exactly what Zec was saying at the time,



and how it differed from what he wrote afterwards."

John was not to be drawn on the subject of Northern Songs, The Beatles Music Publishing Co.

"I can't make any comment about Paul or myself selling our shares. Dick James said the deal he made had to be concluded in a hurry, and if that's what he said, then I believe him. It won't make any difference to my songwriting, that's my main concern!"

Now, after a working honeymoon (working for peace that is) it's back to

work.

"I need the money," he said. "I'm not down to selling the jewelry or the Rolls, but I haven't got nearly as much money as you think I have. In fact, we never did have.

"I'm back, Paul's back, George isn't in prison and as soon as we can drag Ringo away from the film set, we'll get down to the next album.

"Back on the road? It's a possibility, but it would have to be where the money is, and that's America." □

GOSPEL MUSIC

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A Joyful Noise

In recent years it has become manifest that the most vigorous of all traditional Afro-American folk music forms is contemporary Gospel music.

One measure of the music's extraordinary vitality may be seen in the fact that when jazz, blues and popular music recently underwent revitalization from outside, it was Gospel music that provided the energizing force. The so-called "soul" movement of modern jazz derives much of its potency through borrowing typical Gospel devices. Likewise, younger singers—such as Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin—who have found it necessary to introduce new life into the blues and popular song forms, have injected the Gospel style.

The pervasive influence of the Gospel song style should surprise no one, for religious song has traditionally formed the nucleus of the hardy Afro-American musical heritage.

From the outset of the Negro's introduction to the United States, well over three centuries ago, religious songs have been at the core of his musical ex-

pression—they have, in fact, stood as the embodiment of the vigor, immediacy, passion, and intensity of expression that have characterized Afro-American song.

Sacred songs, musical sermons, songs of worship have been the backbone of the Negro musical heritage; they have perpetuated its traditions, and it is these songs, more than any other of its forms (blues, band music, jazz, etc.), that provide a connection with the earliest music of the slaves.

The Negro spiritual was the first truly meeting of African and European musical traditions in the New World. "Nothing else in American folk music," writes the noted folk music scholar Alan Lomax, "and indeed little else in the folk music of the world, can match the Negro spiritual. It combines the best aspects of European melody, harmony, and Christian thought with the brilliant rhythm, the joyous vocal style, and the pungent humanity of African folkways... Some critics have interpreted all the spirituals as protest songs; others see them merely as expressions of Christian

faith. Undoubtedly both views are correct, but it is more important to see the spirituals as a many-sided and constantly developing creative outlet for the Negro in America."

The spiritual was the perfect vehicle for the fusion of the two musical systems, the African and the European. It was in this song form that the two blended imperceptibly over a period of time, producing a music that was greater than the sum of its parts. The spiritual seemed to take from the two musics the very best qualities of both, fusing them into a new musical idiom that was totally unique.

The simple folk hymn of the rural white settler—on which, it is generally agreed, the spiritual is in part based—permitted and, in fact, encouraged embellishment and improvisation by the singers. These songs were primarily perpetuated by oral transmission, since few in the congregations, whether white or Negro, could read music. As a result, the songs were in constant flux, which militated against the idea of a fixed performance, a situation that in any event would have been abhorrent to Negro singers, with their African tradition of extemporized song.

Also part of this simple hymnody of the white settler was the use of call-and-response techniques in the deacon's "lining out" of the hymns for congregational response. This practice jibed neatly with the customary employment of antiphonal devices in African music. Another parallel with African song was the use of heterophony in this folk style of singing hymns, a practice that was carried even further by the "shape-note" notation systems that were introduced at the time of the Great Awakening in the 1820's. These systems accustomed singers to the idea of a constantly moving linear style of partsinging, with only occasional harmonies resulting from the accidental confluence of the parts.

Added to these were two qualities having no direct counterparts in Western music—the distinctly African free-flowing, highly developed rhythmic sense and the uniquely expressive scalar hybrid, the blues scale, with the resultant "blue tonality" that has been a dominant characteristic of all Afro-American music since.

From the mingling of these disparate elements—and others as well—the religious music of the American Negro slowly developed, the first and earliest of his contributions to the body of world song.

The spiritual generally has been regarded as the very "glory of Negro song," the culmination of American Negro religious music. It is perhaps best described as a long, sustained melodic song of deep reverence—in contrast to the shorter, rougher, more rhythmic

melodies of the ring shout or the song sermon, two early forms more fully based in antiphonal devices "and hence more 'African' in character."

The spiritual became widely known both here and abroad after 1871, largely as a result of the Fisk Jubilee Singers' concert tours. By this time the style had become well solidified and formulized as a definite approach. The success of the various traveling jubilee troupes and the wide-spread acceptance of the spiritual as a legitimate and respectable native musical idiom inevitably led to further refinement, with a consequent loss of vitality, immediacy and expressive force. This process is polishing, refining and concertizing of the spirituals (with the accompanying enervation and sapping of vitality) continued, until the third decade of this century before there was a reaction.

The reaction took the form of a new, dynamic religious music, a music of feverish abandon, of intense emotional impact, of earthily driving power and impassioned spontaneity. The new music, given the name "Gospel music" (meaning, says Sister Rosetta Tharpe, that the songs were as "true as the Gospel"), was born in the rough, rude storefront and loft churches of the urban Holiness, Pentecostal and Sanctified sects. The music had been fermenting in these churches since the turn of the century, a product of the most recent of the numerous revivals in the Protestant church, the so-called Holy Roller movement, which began in the 1890's among Negro congregations.

Displeased with the decorum and increasing austerity of the established sects, these congregations brought back the holy dance, the shouting songs of African ancestry, the African "speaking in tongues," and introduced into their worship a number of musical instruments that previously had been considered "sinful" (banjo, guitar, piano, and later brass, drums, and so on.) These factors laid the foundation of the Gospel song style.

There was considerable influence between the sacred and secular music at this time. For one thing, the characteristic playing styles for the instruments that were assimilated into church music, were being developed in the then fast-maturing jazz style, and these approaches were likewise assimilated intact into the new church music style. As a result, the Gospel song style drew heavily on jazz and blues in form, device, and manner, and had been fairly well solidified by about 1925 or '30.

It was at this time that the Gospel style began to make itself felt as a dominant force in the field of Negro religious music, ultimately almost totally supplanting the older, more austere spiritual style in the public's favor. The Gospel song style--like jazz, more

properly a manner of treating music than a specific body of composed songs--is an impassioned, fervent, and fiercely rhythmic approach, making heavy use of antiphonal devices and employing extensively the manners of phrasing, intonation, dynamics, attack, and the rocking, propulsive "swing" rhythm developed by instrumental jazz.

There is a great usage of "blue" tonality and those vocal devices typical of the approach of the blues singer. The feeling of improvisation is always present, and lends a vibrant spontaneity to the style.

It is a unique folk music expression. Though it was born and bred among illiterate singers of the Holiness and Sanctified churches in the early days of the century, Gospel song has been by and large perpetuated by groups of professional singers occupying what might be considered "star" positions. These leading groups--among the foremost of which are the Staple Singers--have been the molders of taste and have had great influence in dictating the singing styles used by the untutored groups participating in church services on purely local, unprofessional levels. The music moves from the folk to the professional level and is then filtered back to the folk in an evolving, revivifying stream.

The Gospel style is at the moment the most alive of all contemporary Afro-American musical forms. The very fact that it has not yet lost touch or faith with the folk, the humble people who create folk music, should thus assure its continuing vital, dynamic growth.

Perhaps one of the very best indications of the flexibility and resilience of Negro religious song traditions may be seen in the very style of the Staple Singers, which is a compellingly judicious and completely original blend of both the older spiritual and the present-day Gospel approaches. Their ardent, feeling style draws upon the best of both traditions, each strengthening the other in a remarkable and gripping fashion. Their approach has something of the stateliness, majesty and introspective calm of the older song style, while the pulse and thrusting intensity of the Gospel style lends it bite and passionate fervor.

As a number of commentators have been wont to point out, the approach that the Staple Singers have pioneered and brought to such a state of perfection avoids the often bellicose excesses that the Gospel style can sometimes lead to. By tempering the Gospel approach with gleanings from the archaic spiritual idiom that Roebuck learned as a child at the knee of his aged grandfather, he has fashioned one of the most unique and empirically satisfying religious song styles in the history of Afro-American music. □pete welding



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A/In the control room, Muddy listens to a playback of his own slide guitar work. Pictured left to right, are Paul Oscher - Muddy's harp player, Otis Spann, Muddy, Swan-remix engineer, Gene Barge-arranger and producer, Marshall Chess - in background and Morris Jennings -drummer.

B/Muddy, Marshall, guitarist Pete Cosey, Otis and Otis' wife relax in the studio. Unlike the "Electric Mud" album, Waters plays guitar this time, and is concerned about its sound over the modern band.

C/Charles Stepney grooves with Mud. Stepney developed many of the rhythm patterns on the tunes and played organ on some cuts.

D/Pete Cosey and Spann, contrasting the modern and traditional, run through an instrumental passage.

E/Louis Satterfield, a young Chicago bassist keeps the music kicking.

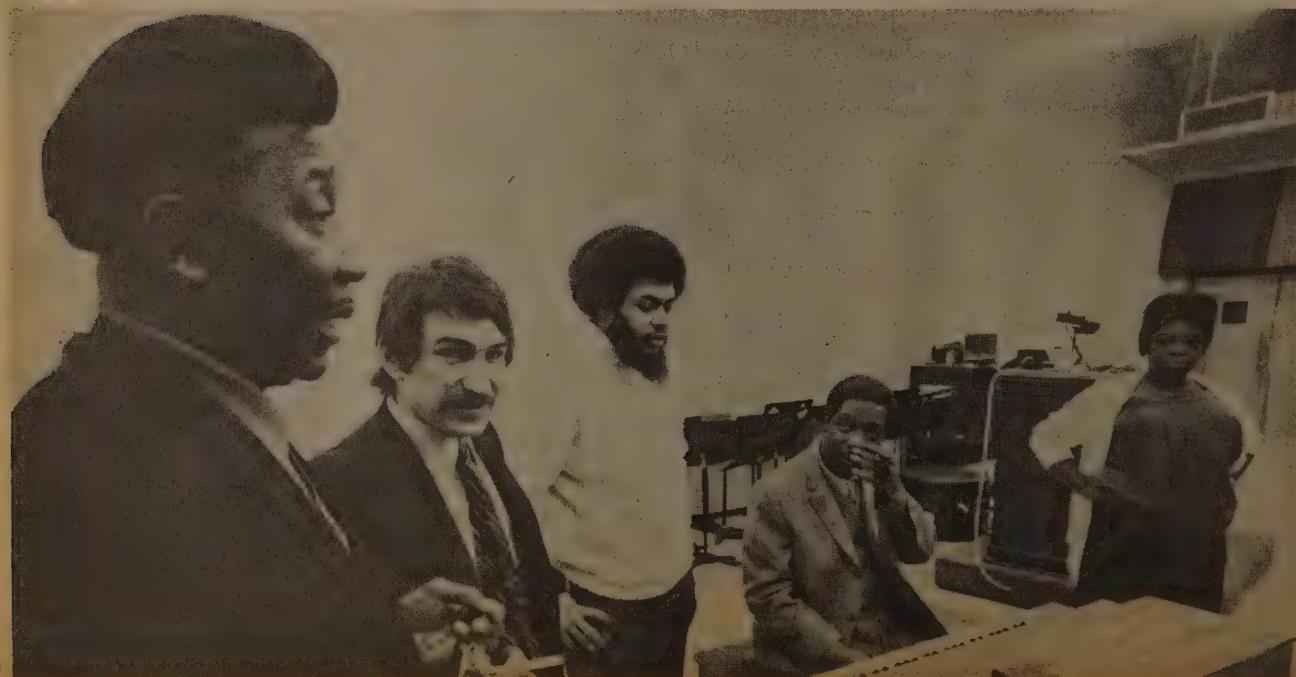
F/Upchurch plays guitar on many of the tracks. His own album was released in May.

Photos by Jeff Lowenthal

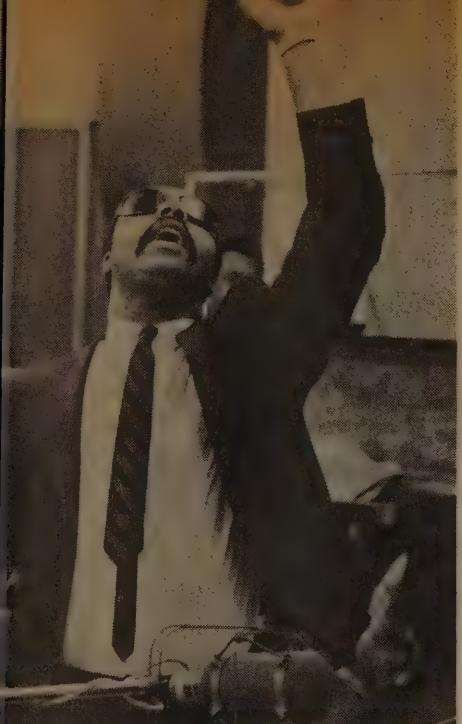
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A



B



C



D

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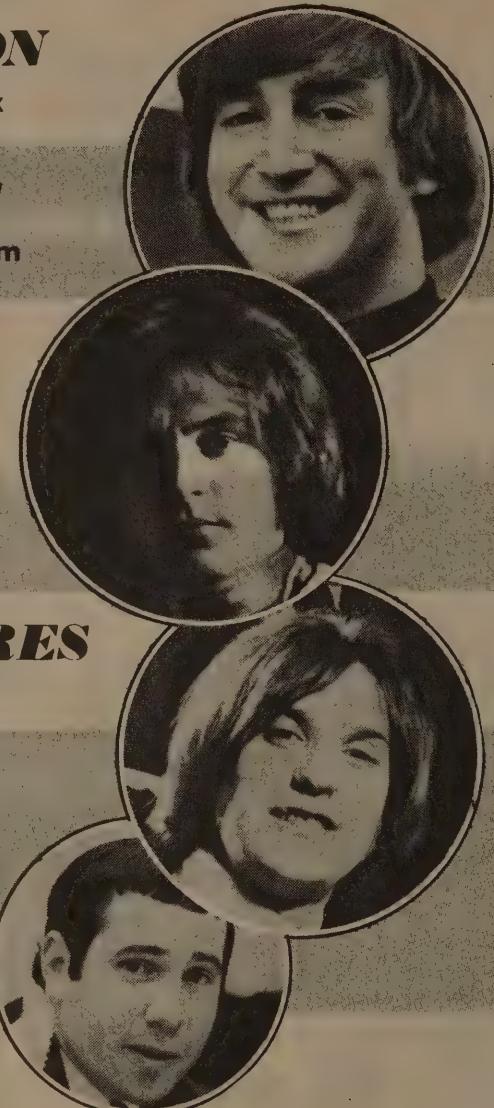
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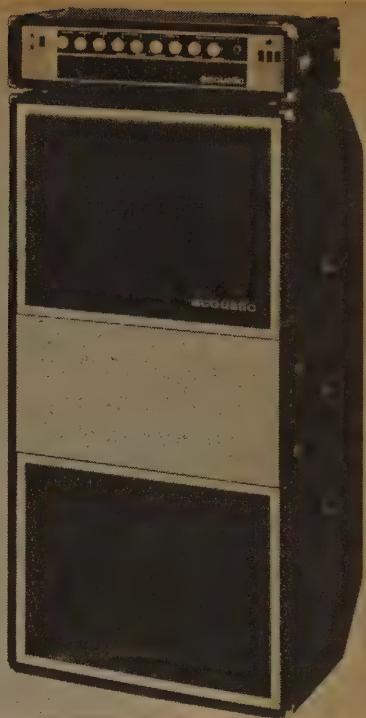
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Up the creaking stairs, past the accommodation agency up the stairs again, then to a hardboard door in the gloom. Knock on the hardboard and wait. Foot steps. Then the strangely soft voice of Jimi Hendrix - "Who's there? Who's there?" - and I mention my name and he opens the door and up I go.

There may be more space upstairs, but this room mainly seems to be his home. . . . 10ft x 10ft, a big double bed in the middle with a canopy overhead, personal possessions, a monster dog, and the immensely affable Noel Redding and Mitch Mitchell, all not necessarily in that order.

It's 3 p.m. but he pulls the curtains and blinks his eyes beneath the pastel brim of an Ascot hat.

I find Hendrix, articulate master of the guitar, wild exponent of soul, a shy and introverted man away from the stage and the electric involvement of working before an audience.

If his friends were not here, watching and listening in the cramped room above the hiss of traffic on a rainy day in London's Brook Street, I suspect he might be different. But he pours me a white wine, and one for himself, and he sits low in the seat and we talk about his affection for Britain and the way he sees his future.

"It's a different type of atmosphere here. People're more mild mannered. But in the States there's more money to be made - that's why you have to go there. And not too many people say No 'specially when the money's about ten times better.

"Emotionally, though, I dig anywhere as long as it doesn't bore me to death. I always have music, but it's pretty hard to say what else I need in life to turn me on. Anything, I guess (laughing). . . . anything.

"I'm as human as anybody else, and I'm not so involved that it's possible for me to work on and on without ever needing to take a break and forget and rest for a while. Like right at this moment . . . we've been working solidly for about three years, and there has to come a time when you have to get away from it all.

"What I want to do is rest completely for one year. Completely. I'll have to. Maybe something'll happen and I'll break my own rules, but I'll have to try. It's the physical and emotional toll I have to think of."

Mitch Mitchell says he knows the feeling only too well and how so

JIMI HENDRIX

Uncaged





many people out there in the public don't realize the way life can pile up on an artist, what with the food and the time changes and sometimes seeing a different country only for a few hours every day.

Noel Redding says it's not really so bad, because Jimi and the Experience went to the States last year, and in a way it's now just like getting on and off a bus.

Somehow we started talking about the advantages and disadvantages of recording in America and in this country. Actually, he has no real complaints about the quality of recording facilities in Britain. Some artists wail about it, sure. But not him.

"Mainly," says Jimi, "it depends what kind of music you go into. You can get sixteen tracks in the States, but who needs sixteen? You need only four really, if you're going into something straight. Only occasionally do we need more, like some of the things we did on our last LP. That's what I call expression music."

I ask about breakups and Noel says he can't see the Experience and Jimi splitting up at all.

"I've got my thing going with my own group Fat Mattress," says Noel, "and nobody's gonna stop me doing my thing."

"Just because of Fat Mattress though, it doesn't mean it's gonna break us up. Why should it? The pop business is getting more free, and that's fine by me."

"The only time you get groups coming together and then breaking up soon after, the way it's happened recently, is when you've got people like Dave Mason. Dave shouldn't be in a group. He's not made that way."

There is no comment on all this from Jimi Hendrix but I do get him to talk about the way he'd face the future if he found himself poverty-stricken tomorrow. He laughs and says he's probably do what he's doin' now, but without the money.

Talking about the past, he remembers how he once played with Wilson Pickett and Ike and Tina Turner and the Isley Brothers. "Once in a while I like to listen to that soul stuff, but I don't like to play it too much anymore. Soul isn't adventurous enough. It's just the one same thing."

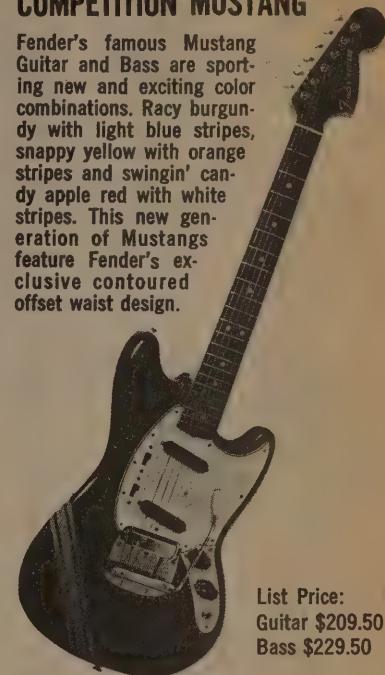
About himself: "I like to treat people fair until they push me around. You can be terribly honest these days, but this tends to bring out a certain evil thing in people. Sometimes I'd like to tell the world off, but I just can't because it's not in my nature."

"I don't know, sometimes everything makes me uptight once in a while. What I hate is society trying to put everything and everybody into little

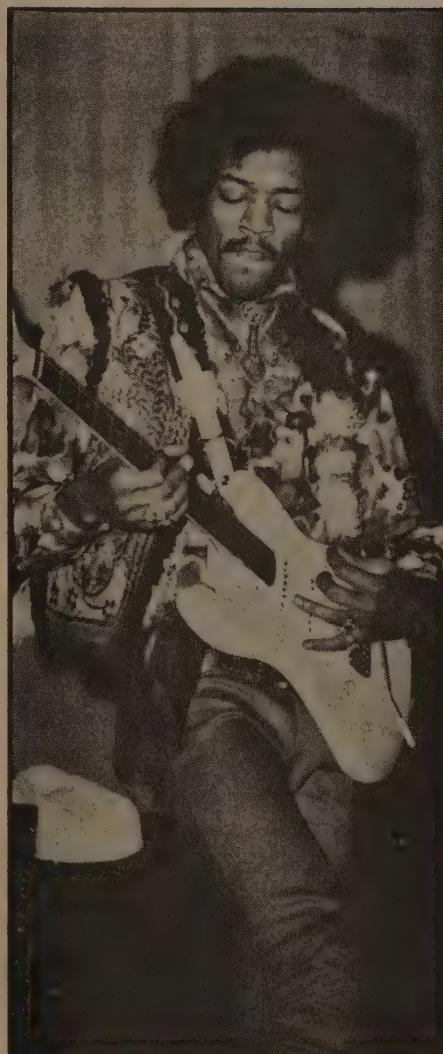
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FELTON

Nashville

HP: How old are you?
Felton: I'm 34 years old.

HP: You went through the rock and roll thing then.

Felton: Yeah I came up with Elvis. We're almost the same age. His birthday's in January, mine's in November.

HP: You didn't know him as a child or anything, did you?

Felton: I first met Elvis when he started with Sun Records. He's the one that influenced me into the music business. When I met him and saw him perform, I was so moved by it I wanted to get into the music business.

HP: You probably wanted to be a performer at the time.

Felton: Yeah, I did and I was a performer. I recorded for a while. The worst you've ever heard.

HP: Were you a guitar player?

Felton: Yeah, I play guitar. Country and rock stuff.

HP: Would you have had the same sort of listening background as Elvis had?

Felton: Yeah, we grew up with the same kind of background, about the same part of the country. I'm from Georgia, he's from Mississippi.

HP: Did you sing in church?

Felton: Oh yeah. I sang in a Methodist church.

HP: What was the singing then. Was it a choral type thing?

Felton: Yeah. The whole congregation would sing. We had a choir and everybody would sing. It was a lot of fun.

HP: Do you notice that coming out in an awful lot of the songs now?

Felton: Yeah, it seems like the spiritual gospel church influence has influenced an awful lot of people. Like Ray Charles, his stuff is church influenced.

HP: I'm amazed at hearing it from the white people.

Felton: Oh yeah. I tell you everybody, especially people from the south, have been influenced a lot by the church. You don't realize it but it's like good upbringing at home.

HP: The type of church music you sang as a kid, would that have been different than one of the popular white gospel groups now?

Felton: No it's very similar. Like the Blackwood Brothers or the Statesmen Quartet. I used to go to all those all night things, so did Elvis. They call it night singing. They have them all throughout the south. They have about 15 to 20 quartets and they just sing. It's really something.

HP: Maybe because you're a southerner that kind of music sounds soulful, but it doesn't strike me that way at all. It sounds very corny to me like barbershop harmony.

Felton: Some of it rocks pretty good. Some of it is like barbershop. If you ever saw the Statesmen perform, they really get with it. They're really very exciting. Jake Hedge has been a big influence on Elvis. I also recorded Jake Hedge, who used to be the lead singer for the Statesmen. He's the biggest influence on Elvis there ever was. If you knew Jake's voice and you hear Elvis sing, you can hear inflections of things that he's gotten from Jake.

HP: What kind of stuff did you listen to as a kid?

Felton: Well, I started off with gospel music and also country music like Ernest Tubb and Hank Snow. I wasn't in a quartet, I just sang in church. But I liked to listen to it. Also colored gospel like the Five Blind Boys and people like that. People like John Lee Hooker, Howlin' Wolf.

HP: Was this on a radio station there?

Felton: Yes. There were several. WALK, in Atlanta is one of them. They played all colored gospel music. I used to listen to that a lot.

HP: Did you get John R's show from Nashville?

Felton: Oh yeah. I've been listening to John R. since I was a little kid. He's had a show for twenty years. He plays soul music. White artists singing soulful songs, like the Righteous Brothers. He doesn't play any country blues. It's basically colored or Memphis type sounds. Then he goes back to John Lee Hooker and Howlin' Wolf.

JARVIS Producer

HP: Let's get back to some of the people you were listening to as a kid.

Felton: Country music was the big thing. I grew up on that mainly. When Elvis Presley came along I went to see him on a country show with Hank Snow. I was in the Marine Corps in Norfolk, Virginia when I met Elvis. I was a big hillbilly fan and I listened to WCMS up there all the time. Sheriff Tex Davis was the D.J. there. He now works for Monument Records. They had a big Grand Ole Opry Show starring Hank Snow, Onie Wheeler and Elvis Presley and the Blue Moon Boys. When I went to the show, I had never heard of Elvis Presley and the Blue Moon Boys. That was just Scotty Moore and Bill Black. That was before he ever had D.J. Fontana, the drummer.

HP: How long was he on that show?

Felton: That was just a one night thing. You've heard of these one night Grand Ole Opry shows across the country. Elvis was on that tour. I think it was about a 20 or 30 day tour all together. When I met him and talked to him I said this is it. So I started following him and became a fan of his.

HP: Had he already had a Sun record then?

Felton: Yes, he had his first record. "Blue Moon Of Kentucky" b/w "That's All Right Mama." Country stations were playing "Blue Moon Of Kentucky." A little later he signed with RCA and did "Heartbreak Hotel."

HP: Can you recall how the audience reacted to him?

Felton: Oh he tore 'em up. He just stopped the show. It was unbelievable. He sang "That's All Right Mama," too, and they dug it. I had never seen anything like it. Really tore my head up. I was about 18 years old at the time. It was so exciting. It was completely different from anything at the time. It was so exciting. It was completely different from anything else I had ever seen. The way he moved on stage and everything. It was just wild. People were screaming and nobody knew who he was when they went to the show. So it wasn't any big image thing that was built up, it was just what they saw that destroyed them.



HP: So, what did you do then?

Felton: I was a printer before the Marine Corps. When I got out I went back and started trying to be an artist and I started making records. Then I went to work for Nashville Recording Corp. in Atlanta, Bill Lowery's company. Nashville Recording Corp was a label then. I was the engineer. I went to work for them as a printer but I spent so much time in the recording studio that picked up all engineering things. I spent night and day and Saturdays and Sundays down there. So, the engineer quit and he recommended me for the job. The company was sold but I stayed on as engineer. I worked with producers like Bill Justis, Bill Lowery. So, I said gee, I can produce records. I was engineering all kinds of things (country, gospel, pop) but I wanted to get into pop music.

HP: What were some of your experiences with electric guitar as an engineer?

Felton: I never had any problems with it. It was already in pretty strong when I started. Elvis had been using it and all the country acts too. That had been in for quite some time. I've heard talk in Nashville that they remember the days of the Grand Ole Opry when they wouldn't let them bring a drum on cause it would blow out all the tubes. If someone hit a bass drum or a drum, it would knock them off the air.

HP: So what happened then?

Felton: I started going around the clubs in Atlanta, Georgia, to see if I could find somebody to make a record with. I did a record with Gladys Knight and the Pips called "Every Beat Of My Heart." It was on Vee Jay Records. That was their first record and I think it went to No. 2 or No. 1. Then I started promoting records for Steve Clark who was an executive for Vee Jay. He got me a job with ABC Paramount. I promoted records all through the southeast. I didn't like that because I wanted to produce records. So, I did that for a couple of years and then I told them I didn't really like it, I wanted to produce records. They said we can't hire you to produce records but we might let you do a couple of outside things for us. They said do you have anybody in mind to produce a record with. I said yeah I got a kid named Tommy Roe. They gave me \$500. to produce

HP: Did you have any successes when you were promoting on the road?

Felton: Oh, yeah. I promoted several hits. I was just promoting records, calling on D.J.'s this sort of thing. A lot of the Ray Charles things "I Can't Stop Loving You," etc.

HP: You didn't have anything to do with those sessions, did you?

Felton: Not then, I was still promoting. When I started producing, I re-

corded Fats Domino - "Red Sails In The Sunset." I made pretty big records for Fats when I was on ABC. That was cut in Nashville. We had "Everybody" with Tommy Roe. I was responsible for signing Tommy to ABC and he's got a No. 1 record right now "Dizzy." I also signed the Tams. Then Chet Kins called me up and asked me if I'd like to come and record for RCA. Of course, I was very honored cause I always looked up to Chet. He was my idol as an A&R man. So I came to work for Chet and I've been here for four years.

HP: What were some of your first experiences at RCA?

Felton: Well, one of the first albums, I produced there, I won a Grammy with it. I recorded a blind street singer that sells pencils and sings blues. I recorded him live out in the street. All the cars going by and everything. He played guitar and sang. It was done right out on the street, that's what made it so wild. The next year I won a Grammy with John Hartford. I signed John Hartford.

HP: How did you get with Elvis?
Felton: When Elvis came in to record. Chet told me "I'd let you to go over and work with him." So I did and we just hit it off together. We liked the same things, heard things the same way. We've become very close friends since then. I go to his home, spend the week with him and go to Palm Springs with him. We've become good friends. I started working with him in 1965 or 1966. I love him like a brother.

HP: What went on in Memphis?

Felton: Oh, we cut some good things. We used American Studios. Elvis and I are both very excited about it. I think we have about 30 sides. It's the most stuff that Victor's had on him in years. We did some of the things with the old sound. We did some things with a very modern sound. We used all Memphis musicians. These are the same guys that play with Aretha Franklin, Joe Tex, Merrilee Rush and others. Each studio has what they called their studio musicians just for that studio. In the studio where we recorded all the guys were white.

HP: Why do you think it is that southern white guys are much more soulful than northern white guys?

Felton: I think a lot of it is the country music and the church influence. Country music's got an awful lot of soul to it and so has church music. Just about everyone of those guys has dug the same things like gospel music and country music. They started off in that and they got to diggin' other things - the soul music. It comes naturally to them. There's very little

difference between the two really. To hear the two, it sounds like a lot of difference. Like, some real soulful licks like Steve Cropper plays on the Otis Redding stuff, they're nothing in the world but country licks. When the kids hear them or the colored audience hears them, they're soul licks. But they're old country licks. That's where he got them from. It's a very thin line. It depends on what's going on around it and how the performer is interpreting the piece of material that he's singing, whether it's country or pop. Like "I Can't Stop Loving You" is a country standard, but it wasn't country when Ray Charles did it.



HP: There's a whole bunch of guys coming out (Waylon Jennings, Mickey Newbury) with a completely different approach to country music. A more soulful, folky thing.

Felton: Modern country is what it is. Country music used to be a real big thing back before Elvis Presley. Back in the old Eddie Arnold days when Eddie Arnold was the Tennessee Plowboy and all.

HP: Do you think Bob Dylan has had a big influence on country people?

Felton: Yeah. I think he has. John Hartford has had an awful big influence on the country writers. I know there's a lot of country songs that are patterned after "Gentle On My Mind." I recorded the first record of that with John. Since then you can see that they're using that same little lick that John played, same kind of progressions trying to get another "Gentle On My Mind."

HP: When I first heard that I thought it was the same as "Elusive Butterfly."

Felton: It's just a song about free love. Saying we don't have nothing on paper written between us, your door is always open and your path is free to walk, makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch. In other words, I can come there anytime I want, be with you but you're not buggin' me to get married. It's a song about free love.

HP: There seems to be a whole Country Western life style that takes place in bars.

Felton: In my opinion, a lot of your country records are sold on juke boxes in honky tonks, road houses and bars, this type of thing. And a guy's mad at his wife, his wife's running off or his girlfriend's mad at him. He goes down to that bar and buys that beer and starts crying in it. He wants to hear a song that's appropriate. He goes down there and plays A7 which is "The Beauty of a Bar," cause he can't go home or whatever it might be. This is the whole foundation for the drinking or bar end of country music. It's good juke box sales.

HP: What do you hope to get into now?

Felton: Well I'm just enjoying what I'm doing. I want to make better records, try for new things. I enjoy recording other places and see how other people do things. You never know it all in this business. Things are changing every day and you just try to keep abreast of it and if you're lucky try to get a step ahead of it.

HP: Have you ever heard somebody that you would like to record. Maybe in your opinion it was done wrong.

Felton: I've heard a lot of great artists. They usually knock me out and I'd say boy I'd give my eye tooth to cut them. But it wasn't because I thought they were done wrong or anything. It's just because I dug their voice. Like Tom Jones, I think he's great. He just knocks me out. Not that I think I could record him better than he's been recorded. He's certainly been very successful. The only reason I say that is because I have the greatest admiration for him, I think he's one of the greatest singers on the scene today. People like this you got to admire. Of course, when you're producing records you say, gee, I'd like to get my hands on him. I just wanna keep making hit records, making the best records I possibly can. I enjoy working in the studio. I've had people come to me and say we'll back you and start a record company and all this but I love my association with RCA. They've

been good to me. I don't really have any gripes.

HP: What's it like to work with Elvis? Is he easy to work with?

Felton: Oh he's the greatest in the world. He's so good and so talented that it's just a joy to work with someone like that. He's so down to earth and real and sincere about anything and everything.

HP: How does he communicate with the musicians?

Felton: He just talks to them. He'll say 'Hey man, could you put one little bass run in this break down here' or whatever. He talks the kind of language they understand. They don't sit down and read or have a bunch of charts in front of them. Elvis doesn't like that. He likes the informal feeling and the relaxed atmosphere and let's try a lot of different things. Elvis is really getting excited about recording again. I think for a while there he was so busy making movies that he kinda lost interest. Now, he wants to hear every little thing that I change or do. He's interested. He used to say well put it down that's okay. He plays guitar and he plays bass and piano. He's a pretty talented guy.

HP: Does he do that on the sessions now?

Felton: Oh yeah he plays guitar and he plays piano quite a bit on sessions.

HP: Who seems to be his favorite musicians? Does he ask for particular guys all the time?

Felton: No, he just likes anybody that's young and has different ideas and will come up with creative things. He doesn't care who they are really. He likes the guys in Memphis and he likes the guys in Nashville. They're all great. The reason he cut in Memphis this time is he just wanted to try something different. He's been doing the same old thing for a long time. He just decided he would like to try a different approach to something. Use all new guys, new studio and try to see what he could come up with. Try to prove himself. Even though he's the king, he's still huntin' and strivin' for something different. I appreciate that. A lot of guys get where they don't care. But Elvis isn't like that. His first love is making records and singing. He told me, "man, you know when I sing something that makes me feel good or put cold chills on me or makes me feel good inside," he says "money can't buy that. It really makes me feel good to feel that way. When I sing something that I'm proud of, I walk away and say that's good. It makes me feel good." This is his first love. □ Jim Delephant



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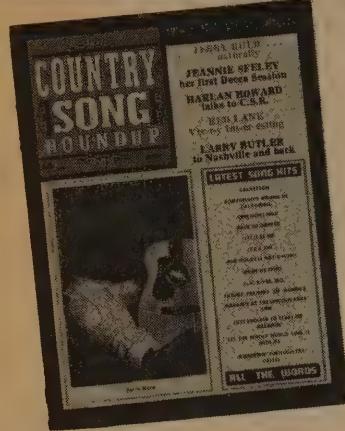
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By Bunky & Jake

Bunky: Django Reinhardt is one of my favorite guitarists. There's no particular album that I like best. I didn't like his American one that much. We both like Reinhardt as a guitar player. Another good album is James Cleveland's "Angelic Host."

Jake: I love "Tennessee Firebird" with Gary Burton and a bunch of country musicians. He combined his vibe playing with some of these country cats. It's all instrumental. That album meant an awful

lot to me because of the combination jazz and country. It was a musical breakthrough. My "Cowboy" song was inspired by Tennessee Firebird. We used Buzz Linhart playing vibes on it. The chord change is pretty strange in that tune. Tennessee Firebird is one of my favorite albums. Personally I'm a Kink freak. I like all the Kinks albums from the first one to the last one. Ray Davies is a great writer. He's a very underrated writer. A lot of cats can't come close to him as far as good tunes go. They're not that popular but in my estimation they're out of sight. I love the Kinks. "Pet Sounds" by the Beach Boys is another one of my favorite albums. I played that album for months and months. I can't see any conscious influence but I'm sure it influenced me unconsciously. That was a great album. I'm also partial to a cat named Spider John Koerner. I've always liked him and I still do. His new album out with Willie Murphy is cool. It's called "Running Jumping Standing Still" on Elektra. He's a gas. Years ago he influenced me a lot. His guitar styles especially John Hammond too. I learned a lot from his records. Bunky and I both like John Hammond.

Bunky: There's another album we both enjoyed for a long time. Lorraine Ellison. I was impressed with her voice. Then I never heard her again.

Jake: She's like a forerunner of Laura Nyro. Laura Nyro's good too.





HOMESICK JAMES by Mike Leadbitter

Born in Somerville, Tennessee — close to the Mississippi border — in 1914, "Homesick" James Williamson was raised on his father's cotton holding and had mastered the guitar at the age of 13. He grew up with the original Sonny Boy Williamson, and their only musical interest was blues. When he was old enough "Homesick" would leave Somerville and venture into neighboring towns and states, playing his guitar whenever he was given the chance. In towns like Macon, Brownsville, Arlington, or Memphis, he met and played with popular blues artists of the day such as Big Bill Broonzy, Buddy Doyle and Sleepy John Estes, and also joined forces with his cousin from Pickens, Miss., Elmore James many times. While in Helena, Ark., he met and played with Blind Blake and the legendary Robert Johnson, and considers these two to be his greatest influences.

By 1933, "Homesick" was playing regularly with Elmore James, a family partnership that was to continue until Elmore's tragic death on May 23, 1963. They would take turns to sing and play lead guitar, and travelled continually throughout the South.

Traveling North, to Chicago, in 1934, "Homesick" settled on the near North Side and established a home. In spite of this he still travelled South every now and then to join Elmore on tour. In 1950 Elmore cut his famous "Dust My Blues" for Trumpet, and through the popularity of this record established himself as a big name entertainer in the South. Leaving Elmore's Broomdusters for a while, and returning to Chicago, "Homesick" also had a go at recording. In 1952 he cut several sides for the Chance label including "Homesick." Only four of these were issued and none had any real success.

"Homesick" didn't return to the studios to record under his own name again until 1960. Elmore, now recording for big labels like Meteor and Flair, was rapidly turning into a very big name in the all powerful R&B field of the early fifties, and needed his cousin in his growing band. When 1955 came around Elmore's band had toured most of the USA and had many hits to their credit, recorded in local studios whenever the band had a chance to stop for a while. The same year the Flair label folded, and so Elmore and "Homesick" went back to Chicago (Elmore had been in Chicago in 1953) and began playing the clubs together on the South and West sides.

1957 found Elmore recording for Chief, and then returning south to his home in Jackson, after disbanding his group. He returned North again in 1959, picked up Homesick, and went to New York to record for Fire. In 1961 he had union trouble and again broke up his group, only returning to Chicago again in 1963 to meet his death. By now "Homesick" was trying to make a go of it on his own. In 1961 he cut some sides for the very small Atomic H label in Chicago, but these were a flop. However, undeterred, he carried on, getting jobs in clubs with a group of his own, or playing with someone else. This continued until 1962, when he recorded for the larger Colt label two Memphis Minnie songs, "Can't Afford To Do It" and "Set A Date." These sides aroused enough interest in "Homesick James" to have them released in Europe, and to, also, get him a session for the USA label with the backing of Willie Dixon.

In July 1963, he cut the old Robert Johnson and Elmore James song — "Crossroads." This song was his biggest hit and made people realize the amount of talent that there was in this man, just begging to be made use of. England, has gone wild over the sounds produced by "Homesick." His records are eagerly sought after. Victoria Spivey, one of the old blues greats, went especially to Chicago to record him for her Spivey label, and Bob Koester of Delmar picked him to back Roosevelt Sykes on an LP session. Vanguard Records recorded him and used 4 tracks on Chicago The Blues Today - Volume 2. He also has one cut, "Homesick" on Chicago Blues - The Early 50's - Blues Classics-8. The "old-time" blues have so few disciples today, that I fervently hope that this interest in the name of Homesick James will increase and eventually elevate him to a place alongside John Lee Hooker and Lightnin' Hopkins. If you haven't heard his records yet how about giving him a try? You won't regret it. (Mike Leadbitter is editor of the excellent magazine — "Blues Unlimited" — available from 38A Sackville Rd., Bexhill On Sea, Sussex, England.)

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THE GUESS WHO?

The four musicians comprising the Guess Who? are all from Winnipeg and range in age between 20 and 24. The group's leader and its guitarist is Randy Bachman, who writes all of its material with fellow member Burton Cummings. Randy started as a violinist at the age of five and made his professional/amateur debut six

months later at Winnipeg's Dominion Theater, where he won an amateur western show. He was giving recitals by the time he was twelve, but he began leaning toward guitar in his teens after marvelling at the work of Chet Atkins. Influenced by Chet and Lenny Breau, RCA's new young guitarist, Randy began developing his present style. After graduating from Manitoba Institute of Technology in 1966, he formed



the Guess Who? which has become one of Canada's top rock groups.

The Guess Who? won a silver record for its first single, "Shakin' All Over," and currently stars on a weekly CBS television show, "Where It's At," for which Randy wrote the theme song. He and Burton Cummings also wrote "And She's Mine," "Clock On The Wall," "Of A Dripping Pin" and "These Eyes" -- all big Canadian hits.

Burton Cummings is the group's lead singer and co-writer, and he plays piano, organ, rhythm guitar, flute and harmonica. His aim is life, as a youngster, was to be an actor, and in high school, he sang the lead in the annual operettas for three consecutive years. Studying closely the styles of both Elvis Presley and Conway Twitty, Burton Cummings switched singing techniques and began winning amateur shows on television. His career now is wrapped up in the Guess Who? through recordings, travelling and broadcasting.

The Guess Who's drummer is Gary Peterson. His father is a drummer and so is his (Garry's) younger brother. Garry's first memories of music, were in fact, positioning himself in front of his radio and "sitting in" with the big bands with his small Chinese tom-tom. ("My big solo number was 'C-Jam Blues.'") His debut came at the age of four in a show with Gisele MacKenzie, and over the next two decades, he has appeared on CBS radio and television and in concert with the Winnipeg Symphony.

Music won out over dentistry for Garry, the decision having been made while he was attending the University of Manitoba. He and Randy Bachman, friends from junior high school, had been playing together in various musical groups for about eleven years, and it was natural that Garry would be the drummer for the Guess Who.

Bassist Jim Kale got the Music bug from the days of the old Saturday night radio favorite, "Your Hit Parade." He, too, started fairly early in a career of music, giving voice recitals at the Shinn Conservatory of Music as a teenager (and feeling like a fool because I forgot my part'). Next came the usual break-in period with various other rock groups of the day before finally becoming part of the Guess Who? in 1966.

The group which has been a top attraction in Canada and broke in big in England last year is now giving this country a look at the exciting performance and sounds -- and, through RCA Records, the way they created such a sensation on discs up North.



THREE DOG NIGHT

In an effort to combat the everyday trend in music, three extremely talented singers — arrangers — composers, Danny Hutton, Cory Wells and Chuck Negron have banded together to form Three Dog Night. The effect is astounding variety in their material, both live and recorded. With three such capable lead singers, Three Dog Night's audiences can hear three different soloists, three different duet combinations and a fully harmonized trio sound, all high musical quality.

Danny Hutton: Born in Buncrana, Ireland. Danny came to the U.S. at age 5 and lived in Boston until he was 14. At 18, Danny, who had moved to Los Angeles four years earlier, started playing guitar and began to make moves into record production. Happily all record company executives who heard his voice were more interested in him as a singer. Thus, in 1965, Danny had himself a national hit with "Roses and Rainbows" for the Hanna-Barbera label and a regional hit later with "Big Bright Eyes." Later, David Anderle, who produces Judy Collins and Tim Buckley, managed Danny and signed him to a recording contract with MGM. On one of those MGM sessions, "Funny How Love Can Be," Danny was backed up by Chuck Rondell, who has since reverted to his real name, Chuck Negron.

Cory Wells: When Danny Hutton went on the road as part of a package with Sonny and Cher and Len Barry, the fourth act on the bill was the Enemies, whose lead singer was Cory Wells. Born in Buffalo, New York, Cory was in a vocal group while still in high school and then went out as a single inspired by Ray Charles and Bobby Blue Bland. After a stint in the Air Force, Cory formed the Enemies in 1964. Going west from New York, they landed in Los Angeles and promptly became the house band at the Whiskey A Go

Go for nine months. David Anderle then signed them to MGM and their first record producer was Danny Hutton. Their big hit record was "Hey Joe," which featured Van Dyke Parks playing a ping-pong cymbal. The Enemies did prove to have mass appeal before splitting up. They appeared in two movies, "Harper," and the never-to-be-forgotten "Riot On Sunset Strip." When personalities began to conflict, Cory left then to form the short-lived Cory Wells Blues Band in 1967, then sequed into Three Dog Night.

Chuck Negron: Chuck spent his boyhood in the Bronx. He began singing professionally at 13 and, at 15, was a Wednesday night regular at the Apollo Theatre, Manhattan's famed showcase for "Soul" talent. Playing with "Soul" musicians of three generations, Chuck absorbed many of their blues influences. He used this particular talent backing up soul groups on demos and recording sessions. Columbia Records then signed him and tried to make him the next Johnny Mathis. All efforts to homogenize his sound proved to be failures. A trip to California resulted in Chuck's signing with Reb Foster Associates. When he found that Danny and Cory were looking for a third vocalist, he brought them to Foster's attention and Three Dog Night was born.

Brian Wilson had the first shot at producing the group for his Brother label but differences in recording approach led to an amicable parting of the ways. Van Dyke Parks worked with the group for two months, then had to honor a film commitment. Gabriel Mekler, who produces Steppenwolf for Dunhill, then began working with Three Dog Night and, in four sessions, the album was done live in the studio with no overdubbing. All concerned didn't want the mechanical sound of an album done track by track. This resulted in an almost tangible excitement which led 5,000 record buyers to get the album in its first week of release.

The next step was finding musicians whose instrumental talents kept pace with Three Dog Night's dynamic vocal quality. Cory recruited Joe Sherman, who had played with his blues band to play bass. Sherman had also played bass with Dyke and the Blazers. Jim Green-spoon, a refugee from the East Side Kids, was chosen as the organist, and lead guitarist Mike Alsup left the Family Scandal to join Three Dog Night. The final member added was Floyd Sneed, former drummer for Jose Feliciano and Bobby Taylor and the Vancouvers.



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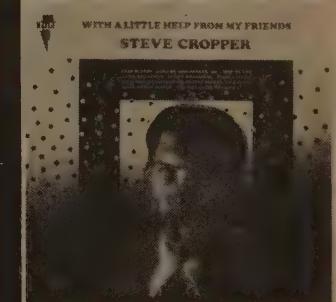
CROSBY STILLS & NASH is an exquisite collection of words from this triumverate. Steve Stills, the moody ex-Buffalo, seems to be the anchor here, as there is more of a Buffalo Springfield feel than Byrds (Crosby) or Hollies (Nash). However, the vocal arrangements are prominently Hollies and a good deal of the rhythm and guitar comes out Byrds. The more you get into the songs, Stills' brilliant talent stares you in the face. He sings, plays lead guitar, organ and bass and his writing is a knock out. Stills' seems to be perfecting a lyric form that is natural as talking. Like "You Don't Have To Cry." (are his songs about Judy Collins?) Crosby's words are loaded with romantic imagery and feel like those science fiction movies that end by saying - the beginning. He seems to be into an after-the-war theme, the survivors starting - a - new ("Wooden Ships" and "Long Time Gone.") Graham Nash writes happy love songs and "Lady of The Island" is one of the most gentle, sensuous song I've ever heard. His Marrakesh Express" actually makes you laugh with it's free, funny words and fast Turkish choo-choo rhythm. Every song is an experience you miss. Let's hope this album inspires more music makers to join their talents. (Atlantic SD - 8229)

KALEIDESCOPE is truly an underrated band. Their music flows naturally without being self conscious. The intriguing thing about Kaleidescope is the variety of music and instruments they can play and play well. They're at home in Buck Owens country - "Let The Good Love Flow," soul country - "Tempe Arizona," Cajun country "Petite Fleur," or rock, or blues, or Eastern. Their control over electric music is also good and tasty. While you're at it, dig their first two albums. (Epic BN 26467)

AFTER THE RAIN will undoubtedly be torn to shreds by Muddy Waters purists. I found it to be much more exciting than *Electric Mud*. Really, Muddy could be backed by Lawrence Welk, and his vocals would still be a kick in the head. The version of "Rollin' and Tumblin'" here is worth the whole price of the album. Muddy has to be the master of creating tension and then letting off just the right bursts of exciting cooking. He's backed by the same electric band as on his previous album but they are much better here. Morris Jennings is a gassy drummer. Paul Oscher on harmonica adds some interesting textures. Also Muddy plays guitar this time. (Cadet Concept LPS - 320)

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS is Steve Cropper's first album all to himself. Steve, in case you don't know, is the Booker T. - Stax guitar player. This album shows the root and the success of the Stax sound - just simple, ultra-funky, gut stomp rhythm but the absolute best anywhere. What's Cropper got that nobody else has? An incredible ear for leaving out anything that isn't joyously rhythmical. Some of the songs, like "99-1/2" and "Midnight Hour," Steve played on the original versions. If you want to hear one of the best instrumental songs ever recorded, just dig "Rattlesnake," but you better tie yourself down first for your protection. This is the best instrumental album in years. (Volt VO 6006)

JAMMED TOGETHER is an extremely satisfying album on many levels. Maybe it's because it features Albert King, Pop Staples and Steve Cropper. The tunes are a lot of fun but "Tupelo" is an unforgettable emotional experience with Pop Staples telling about the great disaster and then letting King and Cropper tell about it on their guitars. Albert sings on "What'd I Say" and Cropper sings "Water." All the others are instrumentals and the three distinct guitar styles cooking and wrapping around each other makes you wish you were there when they did it. (Stax x STS2020)



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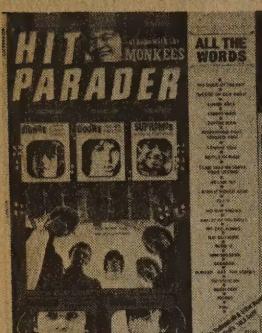
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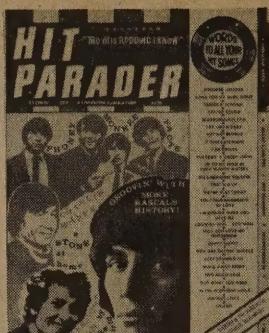
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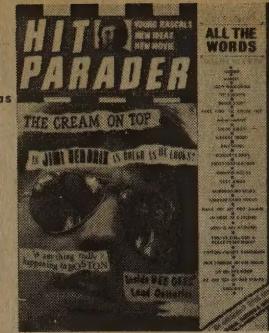
“Dock Of The Bay”
“End Of Our Road”
“I Thank You”
“Valley Of The Dolls”
“I Wish It Would Rain”
“We Can Fly”
“Carpet Man”



JUNE, 1968

ALL THE WORDS
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Martha & The Vandellas
The Mothers
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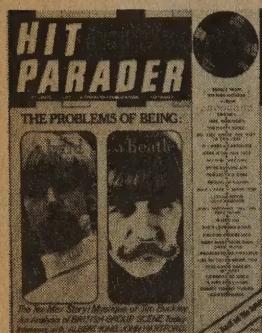
“Valerie”
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“Walk Away Renee”
“Unknown Soldier”
“Scarborough Fair”
“If You Can Wait”
“Since You’ve Been Gone”



JULY, 1968

ALL THE WORDS
The Cream On Top
Jimi Hendrix
Moby Grape
Bee Gee’s lead guitar
The Rock Revolution

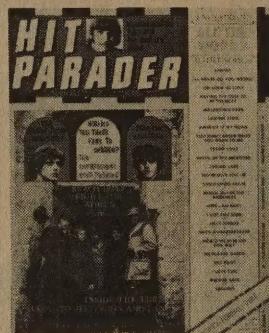
“Honey”
“Lady Madonna”
“Sweet Inspiration”
“Jumbo”
“Jennifer Eccles”
“Forever Came Today”
“Summertime Blues”



SEPTEMBER, 1968

ALL THE WORDS
Gassy Steppenwolf
Byrds Interview
Ringo Interview
Rolling Stones
Bob Dylan’s new album

Monkee Album songs
“Mrs. Robinson”
“If I Were A Carpenter”
“Like To Get To Know You”
“Wear It On Our Face”
“The Happy Song”
“Friends”



OCTOBER, 1968

ALL THE WORDS
Beatles and George Martin
Big Cream Interview
Donovan . Hollies
Beach Boys
Impressions
Turtles . Laura Nyro

“The Look Of Love”
“MacArthur Park”
“Yester Love”
“Choo Choo Train”
“Master Jack”
“I Love You”
“Angel Of The Morning”



NOVEMBER, 1968

ALL THE WORDS
Simon & Garfunkel Special
B.B. King . The Byrds
Cream Interview
The Bee Gees
Discovering Rock
Elvis Meets Tom Jones
Janis Joplin . Alan Price

“Jumpin’ Jack Flash”
“Stoned Soul Picnic”
“Folsom Prison Blues”
“Ain’t”
“I’m A Midnight Mover”
“Here Comes The Judge”
“Divorce”



DECEMBER, 1968

ALL THE WORDS
How Stones Record
Story of Country Rock
Nilsson . Tim Hardin
Interviews with: Aretha Franklin
Donovan . Yardbirds
Paul Butterfield

“Born To Be Wild”
“People Got To Be Free”
“Light My Fire”
“Stay In My Corner”
“On”
“1,2,3 Red Light”
“Hello, I Love You”
“Give A Damn”



JANUARY, 1969

ALL THE WORDS
The Ladies of Pop
Blues Business
Bob Dylan’s Band
Beatles Meet Press
Traffic . Donovan
Little Richard
Noel Redding

“Piece of my Heart”
“Street Fighting Man”
“Harper Valley P.T.A.”
“Revolution”
“I Wish It Would Rain”
“Hey Jude”
“Fool On The Hill”



FEBRUARY, 1969

ALL THE WORDS
Paul McCartney Adventure
The Story of Recording
Jeff Beck Group
Cream’s Double Album
Big Brother
Jose Feliciano
Staple Singers

“The Weight”
“White Room”
“Lalena”
“I Met Her In Church”
“Little Green Apples”
“Fool For You”
“Destination Anywhere”



MARCH, 1969

ALL THE WORDS
Incredible Clapton
Interview Reveals
Why Cream Split
Steppenwolf
John Sebastian
Blood, Sweat & Tears
McCartney Interview

“Those Were The Days”
“For Once In My Life”
“Love Child”
“Who’s Making Love”
“Chewy, Chewy”
“Magic Carpet Ride”



APRIL, 1969

ALL THE WORDS
Yellow Submarine
Who’s Keith Moon
Cream’s Jack Bruce
George Harrison
Spirit . Doors
Sly & Family Stone
Association . Traffic

“Sunday Sun”
“A Ray Of Hope”
“Yesterday’s Rain”
“Cloud Nine”
“Son Of A Preacher Man”
“Wichita Lineman”
“Right Relations”



MAY, 1969

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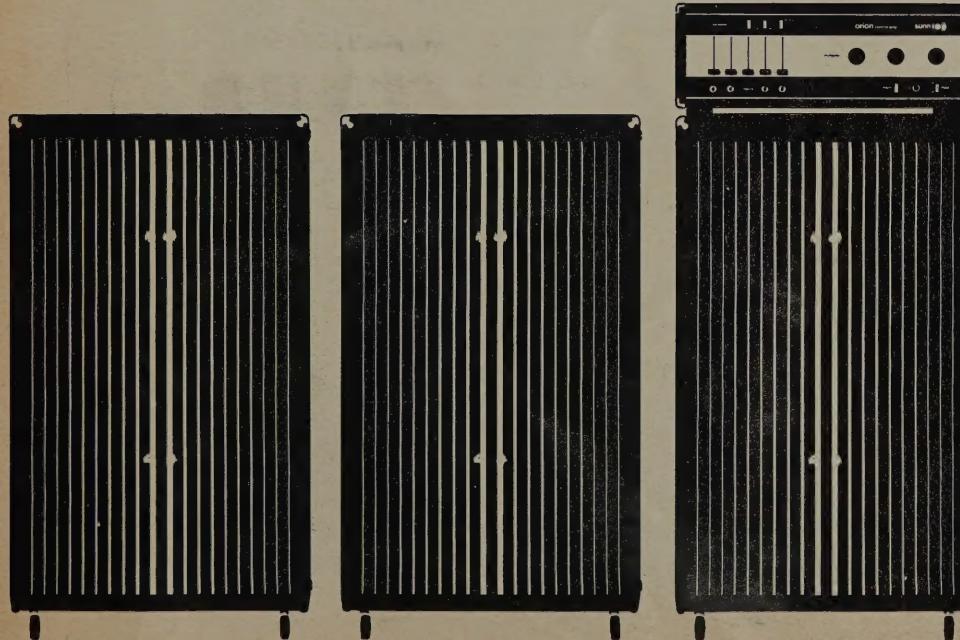
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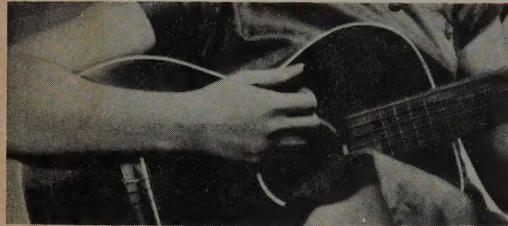


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Yes! I want to learn to play the instrument checked below. Please send me, FREE, your illustrated booklet "Now You Can Learn To Play Music in Your Own Home" —plus your free Piano "Notefinder." I am under no obligation.

Check the instrument you would like to play (check one only):

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<input type="checkbox"/> Guitar	<input type="checkbox"/> Violin	<input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet
<input type="checkbox"/> Accordion	<input type="checkbox"/> Tenor Banjo	<input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele
<input type="checkbox"/> Organ	<input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin	<input type="checkbox"/> Trombone
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Do you have instrument? Yes No State.....

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